THE COMMONWEAL

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BRICK AND MORTAR

ONE IS perennially grateful for commencement time. Through the voices of well-nigh countless orators, it brings a restatement of the ideals to which American education might be dedicated and of the variety of services graduates could desirably render. We are ready to believe that this testifies to a general confidence in the schools, which in turn deserve quantities of the esteem in which they are held. Even so, especial importance attaches to an address delivered by the Mayor of New York on the subject of whether or not the city should spend about five million dollars for a site in Kings upon which to build another college. "The country has gone mad on higher education," His Honor declared. "So many want to go to college, and do go to college, that the time will not be far off when we will find men with two or three degrees looking for jobs as plumbers and carpenters. So this board must be doubly watchful of the taxpayers' money." We quote from a newspaper report, so that the concluding sentence may not have been left dangling so precariously in the original speech. And yet we are glad to see it dangle. Thus suspended it makes a point worthy of meditation.

Receding business may have suggested for a time that public building was a charmed way out of the employment and business tangle. But inevitably a dire fact has presented itself for consideration: when the citizenry is short of money, even taxes are no open sesame to universal contentment. The educational process has to be paid for, especially in America where the plant requirements have risen dizzily. A village high school costs ten times as much today as it did in 1890, and the average gymnasium of the present era is just about as expensive as was the whole school of our fathers. We are far from regretting this development. We merely submit that it cannot be indefinite. Eras of declining prosperity combined with the many uses to which money can be put suggest that somewhere and sometime the public will take up the time-honored cry of hold, enough. Statistics indicate that this limit has already been sighted. There has been a marked decline of appropriations in every field, and quite naturally in the Catholic domain too. One year ago, Catholic educational building projects represented about one third of the national total. That figure is a tribute to generosity and organizing power, but it is also a theme for thought.

The first conclusion which suggests itself is a some-

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what unpopular one. Has not the emphasis placed by advertising upon collegiate education badly distorted our view of the situation as a whole? What good is a university to anybody who has not acquired the preliminary training which excellent primary and secondary schools alone can give? We seem precariously ready to believe that whereas anybody can teach in the grades and almost every shack will suffice for children, the upper reaches of the system must be outfitted with the nearest available substitute for Versailles. And not merely that. Whereas mergers are on the *carte du jour* of every kind of business enterprise, the college has tended to organize as a self-subsisting unit in apparent oblivion of other institutions. Within the past quarter century any number of otherwise excellent undergraduate colleges have annexed graduate work in all its varieties, even though institutions previously developed in the same city or territory had been equipped primarily to grant higher degrees. It would be most useful if a halt were called right now to determine whether the financial endowment of these schools has increased proportionately with the assumption of complex new duties and whether the undergraduate work has maintained its standard of excellence. The reasons which induce the average college to append the quest for the doctorate to its curricula are noble in themselves, of course. But there happen also to be excellent reasons for not doing so.

Financial sense is manifestly one of the best among these last. Having no desire to go out of our way with possibly unwanted educational advice, we shall content ourselves with listing a few facts regarding the Catholic situation. The heart of the entire system is, as everybody knows, the parochial school. Nevertheless these schools have not been erected in sufficient quantity to serve normal church membership, let alone cope with population growth. Literally millions of children can find no Catholic school to get into—and in all probability millions of them never will. Furthermore, despite heroic effort on the part of many individuals, the machinery so far constructed has not been kept in running order. Many parochial schools are deplorably old-fashioned and great numbers of them cannot afford necessary lay additions to a harassed faculty of Sisters. Take for example the matter of medical service. In how many places does the Catholic school child receive clinical or dental attention? Finally, nothing is more sorely needed than modern teacher training. The ordinary college degree is far from being the right kind of pedadogical preparation; and nobody has the right to expect of our poor, overworked teaching nuns that they should appear overnight as self-made educational miracles. Surely these nuns have been with us long enough now to justify their right to a training institution at least equal in merit to Teachers' College.

We are among those who believe in the absolute necessity of religiously minded instruction for the great majority of Catholic children, just as we are among those who hold that the great Protestant error in the United States has been the fostering of a school system indifferent to religious values. It may be that parent-teacher methods can be developed sufficiently to make the home a sufficient environment for many, but on the whole the church school has and will keep an absolute value. Early childhood has no religious experience properly so called, excepting in very unusual cases. What the little boy or girl needs is the careful building up of an objective mind-world of spiritual reality inside which he can orientate himself when the "experience" comes. There is no other way in which to avoid perilous abandonment of faith, years of heart-breaking search, or long wandering in the maze of purely subjective concepts of God's will.

These facts impose a tremendous responsibility. And in order that this should not find us wanting, it is imperative to observe the true character of the financial burden—and to see, above all, that this cannot justly be shifted to the children themselves or their teachers. Primarily, the demand is for the most adequate possible elimination of waste through duplication of effort or through the financing of ventures good enough in themselves but relatively unnecessary. This is no easy task, to be sure. But we have got to the point where the fact that ten thousand workers' children in a factory town are without a school while a college of pharmacy is busy putting up an eighteen-hole golf course strikes us as a bit odd. Nor are we one of these workers. You may be certain that their views on the subject are at least equally to the point. There is something they will like in Mayor Walker's dangling sentence.

WEEK BY WEEK

That Unpleasant Matter

WE WERE delighted with Mr. Alanson Houghton's speech at Pittsburgh. The former ambassador to Germany and Great Britain is intelligent enough to know facts when he sees them and sufficiently diplomatic to expound them to an audience hardly prepared for their acceptance. For it is still true of the American advocate of debt revision that he believes "we have demanded more of our debtors, already weakened by the war, than they could safely pay, that they have broken down under the strain of our demands, and that, as a consequence, we are now floundering in an economic slough of despond." How incorrect this version is follows from Mr. Houghton's clear statement: "The Allied peoples are not groaning under the burden of what they owe us. They pay us nothing. They act merely as transfer agents and pay us out of the reparations payments they have forced Germany to pay them. The burden of our war debts rests directly upon the German people." And what is the condition of this people? Mr. Houghton sketched a graphic picture of the situation: a nation "bled white and exhausted by the war"; a currency deflated by in-

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flation, and then supported by a loan, vast credits and political endorsement of the Young and Dawes plans; a laboring population chained to the business of paying off the world's conflict debts out of goods it cannot sell and gold it has not got. Of course the situation would change *if* part of the debts were shifted to the Allies, and against this possibility, however remote, the French Foreign Minister has taken action by a series of barely veiled threats. The following sentence on the lips of M. Briand is surely clear enough: "It is sufficient to look at France's position on the map of Europe and the friendships with which she is surrounded. She can remain cool even when faced with unpleasant events."

PERHAPS we Americans are finally, finally awakening to the truth that we lost the war—that the magnificent venture of dispatching millions of young men to Europe is ending for us in nearly catastrophic failure. The reasons why this is true do not lie in military action, as a matter of course. We are not questioning the rightness of the 1917 decision, nor denying that the overthrow of the old German régime was a step in the right direction. What is evident now is the complete failure of American diplomacy to garner the fruits expected of the victory, or to foster the purposes for which the nation spilled blood and treasure. Dilettanteism and weakness at the beginning; inactivity and blindness later on! Never was a truer word spoken than President Butler's: "The universal answer of the office-holding class is 'Wait.' Gentlemen, if we wait too long, somebody may come forward with a solution we may not like." By what are we represented in international politics today if not by a plan of world financing which combines two of the most absurd features business ever saw joined together: first, inability to shoulder debtors with what we feel, no doubt justly, are their proper obligations; second, the necessity of sending a variety of collectors to the house of a nation which not only cannot pay its own rent but which some of its neighbors do not even care to see solvent? There is only one way out. Restore Germany to its proper title, by destroying the absurd deed upon which its present status is made to rest.

CONGRESSMAN DYER of Missouri went to see the President about beer. It is reported that the Chief Executive listened intently, which is about all one has a right to expect under the circumstances. The chief point in the sales talk was a promise of a billion dollars in general tax revenues—an estimate which may be a little high, but which cannot be as far from the consoling truth as is the deficit of the current dryness. If the government received a quarter a gallon on all the barrels of beer now being quaffed, Mr. Hoover's deferred cooling system could be paid for out of one evening's receipts. The rest of the Dyer *plaidoyer* was replete with brilliant, if somewhat familiar, antitheses. For instance: "London has eighteen times the population of Washington, yet it has not had twice as many arrests for drunkenness as Washington." These comparative statistics are of value because they are really samples of what prevails generally throughout the nation. All in all, we are now inclined to admit the nobility of the noble experiment. If this had not been tried out during twelve years, we should hardly be in a position to know so absolutely that prohibition is the bumper modern parallel for Brother Giles's planting cabbages upside down. The roots which cause people to drink have flourished mightily while the fruits—whatever kind you choose—have disappeared. Our friends the W. C. T. U. have replied by averring that the United States cannot possibly drink enough beer to justify Mr. Dyer's tax estimates. Well, the country has gone through a period of fairly intensive training, these last years. Unless we are mistaken it is on the verge of a record-breaking performance.

Mr. Dyer's Good Beer

GOOD-WILL missions of recent years have at times appeared to depend upon the novelty of publicity expedients rather than the integrity of the missions themselves; but in spite of the jokes of Will Rogers, in Mexico, and even of the fame of Lindbergh, it was the character of Ambassador Morrow, and the sincerity of his own work, which improved the Mexican situation. It is to be sincerely hoped that a similar result will come from President Nicholas Murray Butler's intellectual and moral mission in Europe this summer. He does not "officially represent" the United States government. He has no particular political or economic iron in the fire. But he does represent the highest and best elements of American life, and his progress from city to city, with his repeated messages of good-will, and his insistent summons to the best and highest elements of European society to rally together in a common effort to preserve Western civilization from the dissolution which now threatens it, must be watched with the keenest sympathy. Hardly had his memorable speech at Paris been delivered, before the scene of his activities shifted to one of the many "danger spots" of Europe—Budapest, the capital of Hungary. And there again he spoke—it might almost be said that he simply said again what had already been uttered in Paris. And the cynical-minded might add that it was, in substance, only what has been said a hundred times before—and why say it again? But men and women are like the children from whom they develop (when they do develop)—they only learn their lessons through much repetition. There are few more eloquent preachers of international coöperation than Dr. Butler; for it is the eloquence of an experienced sincerity. And preaching of the message of international coöperation is today almost as necessary as the preaching of the Gospel—indeed, it is the preaching of the Gospel in action.

Envoy of Good-Will

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AN INTERESTING experiment in improving the standards of American higher education has just completed what its sponsors call a successful trial period, at Barnard College in New York City. Two years ago the juniors who were majoring in English literature, in accordance with the system generally characteristic of our undergraduate education, were excused from all further fixed courses; they were allowed to combine virtually what classwork they pleased with a program of private reading, under tutorial supervision, looking toward a comprehensive examination in literature at the end of their senior year. This procedure will, of course, be recognized as a close outline of the method long traditional in the famous English universities. Outside of the few American men's colleges which have already experimented with it, anything like an approximation to it has been found, heretofore, only in a few of our best graduate schools. The advantages claimed for it are that it weeds out the inferior students, puts the superior on their mettle, and substitutes for the arbitrary smattering of the old major system the organized and complete knowledge proper to genuine specialists. Reports from Barnard on the results of the first comprehensive examination, which was divided into three three-hour sessions, and spread over an entire week, seem to bear this out. Of the thirty-three English students of the class of 1931 (as against seventy-five in 1930, the last class under the fixed-requirements system) only one failure is recorded. The group as a whole are pronounced to have more information about English literature than their scholastic forebears, more enjoyment in it and "a much more mature attitude toward it." This is good work in fostering that aristocracy of the intellect which a democracy, most of all, must secure and perpetuate.

Barnard Tries It Out

A FACT whose wide bearing is only imperfectly grasped is incidentally suggested by one pronouncement made recently in summarizing the Barnard experiment in tutorial teaching. "We decided," say the innovators, "that the development of English speech . . . was an aid toward the acquisition of the international mind, since it plays so large a rôle in our connection with Great Britain." Could this be reciprocated by the serious study in England of that more modern phenomenon, the American language? Mr. Belloc was perhaps the first, but has not been the only, modern historian to state that the two countries are very diverse, and that deep mischief results from the sentimental supposition that they are not; and the salutary realization of this truth is held up in an important field if we do not follow the statement, "The English language is different from the American," with the statement, "The American language is different from the English." Actually, we have all seen on occasion how the surface similarities of the two languages mislead the unwary visitor; how disconcerted and bewildered he grows when it breaks upon him that those similarities mask divergences of implication which are simply abysmal; how often he fails to catch a phrase's social nuance. Of course, the results are not always so serious. When Sir Charles Higham, Great Britain's delegate to the Advertising Federation Convention in New York, said over the radio that all trade pessimists should be "put on the spot," he probably endeared himself to American hearers; he was overrating the respectability of a phrase whch no American business leader would dream of using, but the very ineptitude shows conscious effort to please. Young Mr. Randolph Churchill's recent linguistic misadventures in these parts are perhaps a better illustration; as unfolded in the London press, they are entirely amiable and amused, but it is evident that he was really floored for weeks by our headlines, our social clichés, the argot of our drama. Suppose he had been, not a private traveler, but a good-willer or a diplomat.

As She Is Spoke

THE NEWS recently divulged of Mr. Henry Ford's acquisition of a 3,000-acre tract of farming land in southern Michigan, may legitimately occasion wonder whether his experiment in the industrialization of farming is to be as successful as his automobile or as visionary as his peace ship. A great deal is being done by government services and colleges for the betterment of the farmer's plight, and the farmer seems to be in some danger of being killed by their kindness. That is to say, they have taught him to raise such bumper crops that enough stomachs to digest the crops are hard to find. What will happen to him, if Mr. Ford is able to translate his endless belt system of production to the land and raise bigger crops with less human energy: shorter hours, higher wages, and more consumption? The efficacy of this trinity has been somewhat discredited by the present depression, as was the Victorian sentimental belief in the natural sweetness of human nature somewhat jolted by the war. Cannot someone quickly get to Mr. Ford and say, "Pax. Henry, spare the trees. Call off your tractors from tearing up the brush and weeds. Let us be calm and walk around in the gloaming and do a little quiet thinking, and talk things over pro and con in front of the village store. Are you sure that a little less production isn't a better way to leisure than your suggestion of 'increased efficiency and the discovery of new uses for farm products as well as new markets?' This suggests an endless treadmill. May it not be that leisureliness in working is the most excellent form of leisure? What seems to you inefficiency, may be an affectionate and time-honored savoring by the workman of his work. The emphasis on speeding through work in a mechanical manner in as short a time as possible, is wrong; labor should be beautiful and congenial."

Soliloquy with Ford

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MR. ERWIN EDMAN has written an interesting book regarding "The Contemporary and His Soul" which it is not our purpose to review here beyond wishing he had not begun so many sentences with "It is not surprising." For our part it is not surprising to catch him saying that "any version of salvation is largely the operation of a fantasy rather than the responsible functioning of thought," and then adding that it is "all very well to offer such a scheme where one can insist, with the possibility of being heeded as well as believed, that the myth has divine sanction, that the vision is the revelation of an actual heaven and the commands imposed godlike in their source and eternal in their obligation." That is precisely the conclusion at which Newman arrived, excepting that he went on to believe in Revelation while Mr. Edman does not. We have no quarrel with this discovery on any score. But it strikes us that if a man really and truly meditated upon such a point after having made it, he would hardly go to the trouble of writing a whole earnest treatise on contemporary salvation versions. Why not, as a philosopher, stick to the bedrock and draw the conclusions which inevitably establish themselves upon it? That might, of course, not immediately kill off the fantasies—we shall have them with us always—but it would classify them accurately. Nevertheless, as you may have expected, Mr. Edman does go ahead with a "version" of his own. It is very agreeable, beautifully described. But it does not endure his own test.

Promiscuous Prescription

"SELF-EXPRESSION" as a formal approach to life is not yet, by any means, a discredited ideal. However, its remaining proponents should become less vocal and more thoughtful as a result of the elucidation of their subject recently given by L. P. Jacks in the New York *Times*. The ideas of Principal Jacks (who presides over Manchester College, Oxford, and is perhaps, in virtue of the integrity and sense of historical reality combined with his religious liberalism, England's nearest living approach to a humanist) are not new. He can, and does, quote authorities all the way back to Aristotle. It is his application of them to the practical present which is fresh and valuable, here as on numerous other occasions; his ability to be complete, at least on his selected level, without being theoretic, to utter adult reminders and sobering qualifications without seeming censorious or remote. He is willing to call the doctrine of self-expression "as sound as any other of the doctrines which have been laid down either for life or for education, and a good deal sounder than some of them," but adds that, if one is looking for an easy life, one should choose "stern adhesion to the law of duty, or social service for the happiness of others" as "certainly not more difficult, and probably less so." The belief that self-expression means licensed self-indulgence is a double-edged delusion: a mistake in the meaning of words, and a tragic ignorance of the "appalling mess" to which self-indulgence leads. A knowledge of the history of human attitudes would show these victims two things: in the first place, that a basic need for integrating the valid, complete self before it can be adequately expressed, is discipline; and second, that a basic factor in ensuring its survival is decency.

Expressing Oneself

THE MOST obvious example of the laborious nature of the self-expressive life is, of course, the artist. But not having the artist's call to the development of an intensive skill does not exempt other self-expressionists from an austere discipline. What rule shall they follow in discovering and promoting the self? The first *caveat* has to do with the prevailing modern heresy of sex "emancipation": "No easy solution of the 'sex problem' has ever been discovered, and none ever will be. From the foundations of the world it was ordained that this problem should be difficult for the sons and daughters of men." There follow some salutary general principles: 1. . . . Be on your guard against fragments of yourself—like the sex element, for example, or the money-making element—which masquerade as the whole of it. Take particular care to include your sense of decency. . . . If you fail to express that, later on it will repudiate the whole of your self-expression up to date. . . . 2 Include the time factor. . . . See the muddle many self-expressionists are making—expressing the self of youth in ways which leave them, by the time they come to middle age, with hardly any self at all to express . . . or expressing the self of middle age in ways which their youthful sense of decency, buried but not dead, looks upon with loathing. 3. Lastly, make sure that you have not been betrayed into adopting the creed of self-expression by the belief that you will find it easier than the doctrines of stern, old-fashioned moralists." Short of religion, this hale ethical common sense is the best guide men can get. It is not likely that their new champion will bring comfort to the hearts of the majority of self-expressionists, but there is something better than comfort, and we advise them to follow him.

OUR AMERICA

WHEN the eminent French author, Georges Duhamel, whose "America the Menace" is about the last word in caustic criticism of the United States, was recently asked why he devoted so much of his time when in Chicago, and so much of his book, to the horrors of the stockyard, and so little to the other things of interest in Chicago, notably the beautiful lake shore drive, he gave a significant answer. "It was because my friends insisted on my going to the stockyard. I did not want to, but they insisted and talked a great deal about it. In Paris we would never dream of taking a foreign visitor to the abattoirs; we would take him to see Notre Dame or the Louvre."

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There is a good deal that is revealing in this, not only in regard to the obvious one-sidedness of the evidence from which our foreign critics draw their impressions, but also in regard to our unwitting, or perhaps indifferent, responsibility for this. Americans abroad are reputed to be braggarts, but they are not reputed to be snobs. At home, evidently they are not window-dressers. More so than any other people, they are tolerant of criticism; not only tolerant, but slightly amused. From one point of view, the instincts of Mr. Duhamel's hosts were correct; he would no doubt have been frankly bored by the North Shore Drive or the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts. But by the stockyard he was thrilled, and though he shuddered and deplored, one may presume to see between the lines of his book that he immensely enjoyed himself.

Perhaps it is a pity that Americans are so tolerant of the taste of our foreign visitors for the least pleasant aspects of American life. In time this might develop into a genuine indifference to the finer side, and a real loss in discrimination. There has been noticeable a tendency on the part of American writers to do just this. Willa Cather, Agnes Repplier and a scattering of others, mostly women, have been the exception. They have struggled to give expression to something besides the sordid in the American scene. But our most noted writers since the turn of the century, in point of numbers, have been decidedly on the bitter side. For instance, Bernard Shaw said of our Nobel prize-winner, "Mr. Sinclair Lewis has knocked Washington off his pedestal and substituted Babbitt, who is a European by-word." Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson (though he struggles somewhat apologetically against it), Upton Sinclair and H. L. Mencken, to mention only a few of our most widely accepted literary spokesmen, may certainly be said to brew products of their hates, rather than of their affections.

Why is it? Can it possibly be due to the urban shift in our population and point of view within the last couple of generations? Are Lewis, Anderson and Dreiser, and their ilk, country boys who went to the city, suffered the inevitable disillusions of adolescence and attributed them to the city, and being lonely and embittered and troubled by unrealized, vague and sentimental nostalgias for country lanes and country peace and all the manifold wonderland of the country for a boy, are seeking relief for their feelings in abuse and lamentations? How different is their tone from Mark Twain, for instance, who with all his disillusionment, kept as a matter of proportion his sense of humor and his appreciation and sympathy for homely, natural goodness. How different from W. D. Howells, Thoreau, Emerson and Hawthorne! They by our sophisticates are accused of being sentimental, but was this quality not a sort of tolerant amusement with human foibles, the urbanity of a really normal and cultured person? And coming before the cityfying of the American consciousness, they found ample opportunities for, and an ample audience that welcomed, their expressions of delight in untrammeled nature and the vast diversity of nature in the United States. Compare Mark Twain's "Roughing It" or "Life on the Mississippi" with "Main Street" and one will readily see the difference between an adult mind that could observe both the good and the bad, and that could dwell affectionately on those things that were especially colorful and even admirable, with one that is narrowly a victim of its spleen. That "Main Street" and "Babbitt" should attain such eminence in their times, is an indication that they appeal to a widespread spirit of their time. It is perhaps significant that Mark Twain, whose life spanned from the old into the modern America, in his last works, notably his autobiography and "The Mysterious Stranger," was a savagely embittered man.

Now the younger generation seem to be going a step further in their obsession with unpleasant things. Hemingway, Julian Green and William Faulkner, due to the war no doubt, have somewhat cosmopolitanized their dislikes, but the fact remains that it is with these that they are primarily concerned. The American who may be somewhat disappointed by these prodigies, may find a doubtful consolation in the fact that Hemingway's impressions in foreign lands are no less disillusioned than they are in his own, and Julian Green's horrible picture of family rancor and degeneracy in Virginia, is, if anything, outstripped by his recording of the same sort of thing in sunny France. As for Faulkner, of whom it was that Arnold Bennett said, "Here is an American who writes like an angel," there is a possible palliative in the fact that although all his humans, except his colored people, are either crazy, immoral or frustrated, his glimpses of nature have the authentic beauty of a stream in the depths of cool woods and fields at night. On second thought, however, this meed of consolation must be diluted by reflection on his presentation of nature as a relentless and mocking *deus ex machina* in "As I Lay Dying."

Why is it, we ask again, that there is this seeming obsession with the unpleasant side of life in America today? Admitting that a certain amount of criticism is an excellent thing as a counter to complacency and to the largely non-adult, non-critical, and on its side unbalanced optimism, wise-cracking and boosterism of the popular magazines, nevertheless there seems to be a gross disproportion in the attitude of our important writers. America is not all like that. Americans are not all like that. It would indeed be refreshing to have some expressions of admiration for, some appreciations of, America and balanced and urbane Americans. Perhaps out of the numbers in the generations pressing up, there will be some who will have the inspiration, the good nature, the amiability to discover and rediscover features in the American scene and qualities of the American character that will recommend themselves to our affection. Though not denying nor seeking to conceal the stockyard, let us hope they will lead us to other symbols of our civilization.

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CATHOLICS AND GRADUATE STUDY

By ROY J. DEFERRARI

Opinions may differ regarding the ideal of education or of the university. Even so it is hardly possible to oppose for very long the business of giving to a nation and a time that pedagogical service it expects to receive. In the following paper Professor Deferrari outlines the character of this expected service and then asks whether it is being rendered by the Catholic body. His premises are challenging and the deductions at which he arrives are these: that a university is needed; that this university must be better than others; and that more students ought to think about going to it.—The Editors.

SEVERAL years ago much controversy was aroused by the publication in THE COMMONWEAL of an article entitled "Have We Any Catholic Scholars?" which inclined to the conclusion that there is a great scarcity of Catholic scholars in America. That controversy, I believe, demonstrated one fact clearly—that many Catholics who by their position in life should know, do not know as a matter of fact what scholarship is, and that, as a result, such genuine scholars as we undoubtedly possess are for the most part unknown to our own people. My present topic is closely allied to "Have We Any Catholic Scholars?" but yet quite distinct from it as the reader will see.

Research has been defined as the search for truth. This definition in its simplicity is quite true; in its broadest interpretation all thinking men are "researchers." But a thinking man can hardly become a research specialist without special training. While some have discovered valuable truths without training, their work has almost invariably exhibited the lack of it and their success has thereby been distinctly hampered. I am particularly interested at the moment in this training for research or training for scholarship (in its true sense), in so far as it affects Catholics.

Training for research which is usually called graduate study, can be obtained, ordinarily, only in a true university. From the point of view of the university, graduate study is that course of studies which in its first step prepares the student to seek for truth by giving him as far as possible the preliminary knowledge of facts and the sources of facts which will enable him to proceed intelligently in his search for new facts; in its second phase, graduate study is concerned with the actual processes of finding new information, the student being guided at every turn by his professor and thereby learning how to perform similar investigations on his own responsibility. Obviously the preliminary knowledge of facts and the sources of facts will differ considerably in the various departments of study, but the fundamental principles according to which an investigation is made will differ little, if at all. Certainly the moral principles involved never change—absolute impartiality, unalloyed integrity, a readiness to go to any extreme in the effort to attain an atom of new information which will help to make the presentation of the fact more perfect.

The training which I have attempted to describe cannot be fully appreciated by one who has not actually experienced it. There is, as already intimated, ordinarily no substitute for training, in spite of the practice of certain standardizing agencies (I have in mind specifically a recent action by the North Central Association) in recognizing such equivalents. Accordingly, it is vital that the persons in charge of this work in our universities have not merely an equivalent of training in research but the training itself. Attention has been called very conspicuously of late to the fact that many of our American universities, both Catholic and non-Catholic, are guided in both their policies and work by persons with defective research training.

In order to show how necessary it is for the Church and for all organizations concerned with man's well-being to maintain an adequate and never-ending supply of well-trained research specialists, I need do little more than name some of the outstanding fields of investigation. From the professions I would elect medicine and law. From the so-called arts and sciences: theology, philosophy, psychology, history, mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics and literature. The search for new information in these fields of learning must never stop, and, more important still, must be conducted in the most accurate manner possible. Each generation must take its part in increasing the sum total of human knowledge, especially in reinterpreting the past in the light of the present. It is very pleasing to reflect on the great benefits obtained for mankind by the discovery of previously unknown truths. On the other hand, it is most shocking to think of the great harm done to man by the results obtained through imperfect methods of research. Who can measure the damage caused by the unwitting presentation of fallacies as scientific truths especially in the fields of theology, philosophy, history and biology? We should realize also that some have acquired a very thorough knowledge of the technique of research but, lacking high moral character, have deliberately cloaked falsehood in the garb of truth, solely to attain selfish and even evil ends.

The research specialist, since he possesses knowledge, is necessarily an intellectual leader. Obviously the Church must train and indeed always has trained some of her children in methods of research to become later on her intellectual leaders. The Church in her zeal for the spiritual and physical welfare of the people must ever be on guard against both the knave and the fool, while she simultaneously busies herself with pushing forward the frontiers of human knowledge.

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Very prominent in the minds of American educators is the problem of what is a true university and what is true graduate study. In their Catholic aspects these problems should be even more prominent in the minds of American Catholic educators than they are. To the Catholic the problem is two-fold: Are our universities functioning as true universities, i.e., as real training schools for scientific investigators or, if you will, intellectual leaders? Have we, both in non-Catholic and Catholic universities, a number of Catholic students undergoing training sufficient to meet present and future needs?

While we may differ among ourselves as to what constitutes a true university, we should certainly consider the views of the Association of American Universities before arriving at any conclusion. This association was formed in 1900 with the specific aim of safeguarding true university studies from confusing exploitation in American institutions of learning, and this it planned to do by laying down specific requirements which every true university, in its judgment, should meet, and by publishing for the guidance of all interested a list of such universities as had met these requirements. At present this list consists of twenty-nine universities, only one of which is Catholic. President Butler of Columbia University has stated recently that there are only eight true universities in this country. It would be interesting to know whether or not he would include this one Catholic university in his list.

The Catholic University of America has never been able to meet adequately the demands which have been placed upon it. Year after year students apply for certain studies which cannot be given them because of the restricted facilities of the university. These students almost invariably go to non-Catholic universities and many of these students are religious, both men and women.

While a collection of schools of the practical professions alone does not make a modern university, a certain number of such schools (law, medicine, engineering) may reasonably be expected in a university group. At the Catholic University of America the School of Law is as yet in an embryonic state; the School of Engineering while offering undergraduate studies is not ready to give extensive graduate work; a School of Medicine does not exist. Even in other Catholic universities where such professional schools form the core of the university work, they do not make research in these professions their main objective, which alone would justify their existence in a university plan. I would also call attention to the fact that in Catholic professional schools there is almost a complete lack of opportunities for the Catholic woman to obtain training. Catholic women who wish to enter the practical professions must go to non-Catholic institutions. Very good reasons for this state of things may be brought forward by way of explanation, and I do not wish to disparage the work that is now being done, yet, all in all, I think that it will be agreed that the condition of graduate studies in this country under Catholic auspices should at the present moment be a matter of grave concern to all of us.

Let us next consider the second phase of the problem, and for the sake of argument let us take the enrolment of Catholic students in the universities of the American Association. Before proceeding further, however, I would call attention to the fact that there are certain fields of study in which Catholics could not possibly obtain sound training in methods of investigation under non-Catholic auspices. I mean especially theology, philosophy and psychology, in which the technique of research is fundamentally different, because of course of the Catholic's belief in revealed religion. It might be added also that while the Catholic may, through his previous Catholic training, develop under non-Catholic teachers a sound scholarly mind in many fields of study, nevertheless Catholic surroundings are almost necessary for the development of a sound research specialist in any field. The search for truth in all its ramifications is nothing more than the study of life—past, present, and future—and in all this the Church is intimately concerned; and while the Church does not and cannot contradict truth, it does and must contradict the false under the guise of truth. Falsehood of this kind in greater or less degree, often in a must subtle manner, is scattered throughout all fields of knowledge. Hence the necessity for the guiding hand of the Church in every phase of graduate study, in the training of the student in methods of research.

Where statistics are available, the following is the enrolment of non-Catholic and Catholic students doing graduate work in universities of the American Association. At Columbia University there are 13,731 graduate students of whom 1,170 are Catholic; Cornell, 849 graduate students, 20 Catholic; Harvard University, 4,848 graduate students, 376 Catholic; McGill University, 239 graduate students, 16 Catholic; Princeton University, 200 graduate students, 8 Catholic; State University of Iowa, 2,315 graduate students, 135 Catholic; University of Illinois, 1,022 graduate students, 66 Catholic; University of Nebraska, 419 graduate students, 8 Catholic; University of Texas, 494 graduate students, 13 Catholic; University of Toronto, 500 graduate students, 33 Catholic; University of Virginia, 228 graduate students, 4 Catholic; Yale University, 874 graduate students, 21 Catholic. In the universities for which statistics are not available for the total number of graduate students, we find that there are 8 Catholic graduate students in Indiana University, 44 in Ohio State University, and 4 in the University of North Carolina. In the Catholic University of America there are 389 graduate students in the School of Arts and Sciences, 2 in the School of Law, 5 in the School of Engineering, 34 in the School of Canon Law, and 12 in the School of Theology.

Considering the necessary restriction, as described above, in the future activity of Catholics receiving graduate training in non-Catholic universities, and

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bearing in mind also that of the entire number in all universities the vast majority do not complete their training but stop with the completion of its first phase only (the Master's degree), and finally that of those who finish their training very few continue further in research, we are confronted with a truly alarming situation. The proportion of Catholics who are being trained successfully for advanced scholarship and intellectual leadership is very small, far below the number necessary for our needs even in the immediate future. It is doubtful whether the Catholic Church in America, even by concentrating all its resources, could select from its own numbers a single university faculty which would consist of two or three outstanding scholars in only the essential departments of a modern university.

Without elaborating the topic further, I would conclude by making three constructive suggestions.

(1) Catholics in the United States should at once concentrate their energies on the developing of one university which would be preëminent in main departments of learning. Other universities could be developed later on.

(2) When this has been accomplished, a great effort should be made to show Catholic students interested in graduate study that a university of the first rank under Catholic auspices must necessarily give them a sounder training in research than a non-Catholic university of even the same standards.

(3) More Catholic students than at present, of the proper natural qualifications, should be induced to enter upon a career of research or intellectual leadership, i.e., to devote themselves to graduate study. In other words, more positive steps should be taken by the vast majority of Catholic colleges to guide their students to other fields of higher studies than the so-called "practical" professions.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

By BERTHA DRENNAN

A SECTION of the drama-loving public, individually small but numerically large—namely, the children—find in the popular offerings of the theatre little to satisfy them. To them the majority of productions are tiresome and unsuitable. Certainly the thoughtful parent or teacher could approve of little of the current drama for impressionable young minds. Yet it is natural and right for the children to love the drama. So, about ten years ago, there sprang up the movement for children's theatres.

The only practicable plan for a children's theatre, placing the enterprise on a commercial basis, is for the plays to be given with profesional adult actors. This has been the plan followed successfully in several instances. The majority of the children's theatres, however, are altruistic in their aim, and in many instances cultural organizations produce plays for children with amateur adult actors as one phase of their service to the community.

Another plan is for the plays to be given by students who are training for the professional stage. This is a valuable aid to the cause by schools of dramatic art in nearly all communities. In the Heckscher Children's Theatre in New York City, said to be the most beautiful children's theatre in the world, juvenile students of music, dancing, dramatic art, drawing, painting and crafts work together to present light operas and dramas that are a joy to both producers and audience.

The plan most often followed in presenting plays for children is that of having them given by high school and grade pupils at the end of the scholastic year for the combined purpose of exhibiting the student's abilities and of raising money for some specific cause. The quality of these productions, naturally, is mediocre, but as the audiences consist chiefly of parents and friends, the criticism is charitable. These plays constitute a negligible factor in the children's theatre movement.

A plan that combines the good qualities of all these has been successfully developed by the Children's Theatre Guild of New Orleans, whereby the plays are given for child audiences with child actors, staged and directed by professionals. The carefully trained child actors give to the productions a quality that is almost fairylike. The children from eleven to fourteen, who play the adult rôles, appear much older in costume, and seem strangely dignified and sedate, yet they are grown-ups from fairy-land, not the world of every day. The younger children, who play the child parts, become one with their rôles as no adult actors, no matter how gifted, could ever be.

There are very few cities now that have not at least one organization along one or the other of these lines. The cinema companies are beginning to make pictures especially for child audiences. But who has ever essayed to play Santa Claus and has not had the disconcerting experience of providing toys that were, to the adult mind, perfect, only to have the youthful recipients express polite thanks and devote themselves wholeheartedly to some inexpensive, often home-made toy, such as a train of boxes and spools? That is the predicament of the directors who essay to produce plays to please children.

The first stories that come to our minds when we think of plays for children are nearly always the well-beloved classics that appeal to the eternal child that persists in each of us all through life—but that do not appeal to actual children. To give the list would be to start a controversy that only experiment could settle —that experiment has settled in some instances to the satisfaction of those making the trial.

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Another temptation to the director of a children's theatre is to produce plays with child actors that appeal to the aesthetic taste of highly cultured adults—but that bore and bewilder the children in both cast and audience. This is the course followed by a famous school that prepares children for a dramatic career. The results are as lovely as Greek vases or mediaeval tapestries, and as the object of the school is instruction in dramatic methods, and not entertainment for the small students and their friends, the course justifies itself in that specific instance.

The Children's Theatre Guild of New Orleans is one of the oldest in the country, and has shown its strength by being self-supporting from the beginning. At the recent opening of its seventh consecutive season a bronze plaque was presented to it by the city of New Orleans in recognition of its artistic and cultural service to the children of the city. Miss Ruth Voss, executive director of the guild, when asked what kinds of plays children like, answered as follows:

> Children like fairy-tales, stories of adventure, and dramas containing strong plot and suspense. Our guild membership ranges from six to fourteen years of age, and we estimate that the average age is eleven. The fairy-tales appeal especially to the younger children, but the older ones delight to take part in them. But not all fairy-tales are acceptable to children, nor do all stories of adventure appeal to them. They are very positive in their likes and dislikes, especially the dislikes, and don't hesitate to express them. In their bright young world, there is no place for romance nor satire. There is circumstantial evidence in the line, "All the world loves a lover," that Shakespeare never conducted a children's theatre. Children unanimously pronounce a lover to be a "pain in the neck." In the play "Penrod and Sam," for instance, as it is written, Penrod's sister's sweetheart is a prominent member of the cast, but at our first presentation of the play, he proved to be so unpopular with the boy who played the part, the other members of the cast, and the audience, that at our repetition of the play, the part was cut out.
>
> So with Lady Gregory's charming fantasy, "The Dragon," that gives such splendid opportunity for richness and variety of costumes, of scenery, and of stage grouping into lovely pictures. It is a satire on the conventional fairy-tale, and as such only puzzles and antagonizes the small people who are engaged in learning the conventional pattern.
>
> Indeed, the supreme demand of the child audience is exactly that—conventionality! The children, in fact, really disapprove of innovations. The world and all life is new to them, and they demand plays and settings and characters that keep to the conventional patterns, which are not hackneyed to them. In Lady Gregory's fantasy, the dragon, who comes to destroy the princess, has the fire cut from his tongue by the young king who is the suitor for her hand, and so becomes a nice, tame dragon, ornamental if not useful about the palace. The little boy who was cast for the part of the dragon rebelled.
>
> "I don't want to play a good dragon," he protested. "All dragons are bad. Everybody knows that!"
>
> Similarly, a little girl cast for the part of an untidy, lazy queen who received the prime minister in her dressing gown, was horrified. "Queens are always nice, and wear crown and royal robes," she declared.
>
> The fairy prince must be invincible and triumph over all obstacles and enemies, and win the fairy princess at last. Fairy princesses must be beautiful, have long curls, and be unfailingly sweet-tempered. They are very important in any production in which they occur. The winning of the princess by the prince, be it noted, must be done by deeds of prowess, not by love-making; thus it becomes adventure, not romance.
>
> Parents must be wise, kind, just and courageous, these being the virtues understood best by the children. The villain must be a villain from his first appearance to his exit, and must be definitely punished for his villainy. In this insistence for truth to type for all characters, the children agree with the Athenian audiences of whom Aristotle wrote, and disagree with Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who enjoys showing stereotyped characters in new and startling lights.
>
> Children like humor in their plays, but it must be humor that they can understand; that is to say, humor of situation and not of subtle lines. The humor of "Tom Sawyer" and "Penrod and Sam" is for the most part humor of situation, and so pleases youthful audiences immensely. Even in "Penrod and Sam," however, there are a few lines that miss fire. When George, the handy man, says, "I've seen the world, I have. I worked in a livery stable," he need not wait for the applause, for there will not be any. Even if "livery stable" is changed to the more comprehensible "garage," this is a simple statement of fact to the child.
>
> Always, in plays for children, good must triumph over evil. The play has not ended until it does. Isn't that a good philosophy of life? The children's sympathies are instantly aroused by the spectacle of a child being mistreated. This is the appeal of the ever-popular "Heidi" and of the less well-known, but charming, "Gypsy Trail."
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> Among the costume and fairy plays that we have found especially successful are "Robin Hood" (Alfred Noyes's beautiful version, "Sherwood"), "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Snickerty Nick and the Giant," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Sleeping Beauty" and "Cinderella." From this list, there are some conspicuous absences. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," for instance, in spite of its many strong points, has been dropped from the Guild's repertoire because Morgianna, the heroine, kills the leader of the thieves. No hero or heroine must have any part in an evil act. "Pinocchio," another favorite story, proved to be, when submitted to the test of dramatization, merely a succession of incidents, not a cohesive plot with a complication to be solved.
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> Among dramas that have given satisfaction are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Pollyanna," "Penrod and Sam," "Sarah Carewe" and "Heidi." "Tom Sawyer" has all the elements children demand, but is not available for amateur production. From this list, also, there are notable absences.

The movement for children's theatres is steadily growing, in rural districts as well as in cities. Dramatic expression is natural to children, and all that is necessary in any community to develop capable child actors is a trained director to select and teach them.

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A SCHOOL FOR ACTION

By JOSEPH A. COUSINS

ST. CHARLES COLLEGE, Columbus, Ohio, has just completed what has proved a very interesting experiment in the field of Catholic Action. So much has been said and written about the end to be attained—the achievement of the Holy Father's wish that the layman become an assistant to the cleric in spreading the Kingdom, and an active, working member of the "royal priesthood"—that the methods of training such an efficient evangelist have been rather neglected or obscured. Is there a gathering of men for a Communion breakfast or (God save the mark!) a fish-fry, with at either of these functions a theological harangue? The diocesan papers blazon out another "Triumph of Catholic Action!" And yet we know that the program outlined by the Sovereign Pontiff is not to be confused with the personal spirituality (saving the force of example) of the individual soul, nor is its fruition to be expected in the revels of a Booster Club. If we would make men teachers of Catholicity and the Catholic spirit, we must seek the solution to the problem not in the destructive hoax of "bringing the Church to the people" nor in the realization of that accursed modern shibboleth of "bringing the college to the business man," but we shall find it in the more plainly evident policy of bringing the man in the street back to the Catholic school. Can this be done? The best answer to that question is that it has been done, and that is the crux of this article.

St. Charles is a new school. Founded by the bishop as the diocesan seminary, it was admirably fitted to be the hub and focal point of Catholic inspiration and activity. Until this present year, when on its first class it confers the degrees of graduation, the activities of the faculty were concerned with curriculum construction and kindred problems. With the realization of the complete entity of the college, the attention of its authorities turned to the extension of the service of the institution to the layman in the interests of religion and Catholic achievement.

Consistent with the wish of the Holy Father, a School of Catholic Action was determined upon, with the avowed aim of: (1) preparing the Catholic layman confidently and ably to defend his religion; (2) giving him a wholesome respect for the Church as a social and civilizing agency; and (3) developing a justifiable pride on the part of the individual in local church institutional work; the whole aiming at a parochial esprit de corps which would aid in every possible way the endeavors of the pastor.

Two questions confronted the organizers of the movement. First, could we get laymen to attend an evening school? Second, what courses should be offered? It would be easy enough to fill the lecture halls the first evening. The problem would be how to prevent that much-dreaded monster, student mortality. Consequently, bizarre advertising, appeals to mob-instinct—everything that would inspire a passing enthusiasm was rigorously excluded. Over a period of six months the project was considered, at the end of which time a dignified announcement was made in the Catholic paper, giving a brief synopsis of the courses proposed and extending an invitation to men who might be interested, to avail themselves of the offer of the college.

Professors from the regular staff constituted the evening personnel. In order that the courses be long enough to achieve the results intended without making excessive demands on the time of the evening student, a one-hour course to extend through one collegiate quarter was adopted. For those who had attended high school, this carried full collegiate credit. Arrangements were also made for the recognition of this work for students at the same time attending other universities. Yet the man who had had no previous education was equally welcome. The minimum age for entrance was determined at eighteen years, with a further barring of all students in parochial high schools. The evenings chosen were Mondays and Thursdays so that no conflict would arise with the evening services in the home parish of the student. Of the four courses offered, no student then was eligible for more than two.

The four courses offered were:

I. The Reason behind Ritual: A course dealing with the liturgy: ceremonial in general; historical and symbolical treatment of vestments; parts and actions of the Mass; the Christian altar; the church structure and architecture; the ceremonies of the different sacraments. Demonstration where feasible.

II. Founts of Human Behavior: A lecture course in individual and social psychology. The Catholic answer to behaviorism.

III. A Catholic Looks at Letters: A course emphasizing the Catholic influence upon, and contributions to, the field of English literature. A survey from Austin to Chesterton.

IV. Modern Moods and Orthodox Belief: A course of apologetics to provide the Catholic with the means of carrying on a positive offensive against the isms of the age. A vindication of faith and authority in religion.

The method regularly followed in each class was a lecture of fifty minutes' length, followed by ten minutes' free discussion of the matter treated; after which the written questions which each student would like treated in subsequent lectures, were collected. Each class began at eight o'clock and, concluding at nine, left the evening students free to attend at their convenience the evening services of the resident students. After each lecture, mimeographed outline notes of the preceding

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lecture were distributed to serve the student for fixation and review. The total registration was 171 students. In addition to these regular students, 118 were occasional auditors.

In order to obtain the opinion of the students themselves on the benefit derived from the courses together with suggestions for the continuation of the School of Catholic Action, the College Press Club conducted a questionnaire survey. No names were requested, but the following information was desired: (1) religious belief of student; (2) occupation; (3) benefit derived from courses; (4) (a) continuation of the school; (b) suggestion of courses that would be beneficial in daily life.

The results were illuminating. It was found that 10 percent of the students enrolled were non-Catholic. Twenty-four different crafts and professions were represented. One hundred percent were in favor of continuation and extension of the evening school; and all were also enthusiastic about the benefits which had been derived from attendance. A few excerpts from typical answers show the general trend of all the replies:

". . . Attendance has been invaluable to me, a graduate of the local state university and a Catholic. . . . I have learned to really evaluate science in the relation of creation to the Creator. . . . A splendid and irrefutable antidote to the indifferentism of the day dangerous even to the unwary Catholic" (Journalist).

" . . . have obtained information on many things, both interesting and of spiritual value. . ." (Architect, Catholic).

". . . have found the Mass more interesting and my attention there more alert. My prayer-book is of greater value. . ." (Plasterer, Catholic).

". . . Also enables us to instruct our own friends, relatives and families of the truths of the Church" (Letter-carrier, Catholic).

". . . I believe a Catholic man, having had the time to take these courses, who did not do so, is a very foolish man. . . . have learned to think and that more intelligently upon the subject of God and creation. . ." (Drama-director, Catholic).

". . . have thoroughly enjoyed and keenly appreciated the privilege of attending the classes. . . . The course in apologetics has been especially interesting and instructive to me . . . am heartily in favor of continuation of the night school . . . a rare privilege to attend" (University Professor, Non-Catholic).

". . . am fully sold on the idea . . . find it far exceeded my expectations. . . . Continue the school next year by all means" (Attorney, Catholic).

". . . think the night school as now being taught is a godsend to working-men. . ." (Clerk, Catholic).

". . . I am now certain about things I thought I had reasons to doubt. . ." (Commercial Artist, Catholic).

". . . a project long needed and desired by the diocese . . . clears the minds of well-meaning men of the false teaching prevalent." (Manufacturing Optician, Catholic).

". . . have gained a great amount of knowledge giving a better understanding of the Church and its rites than I believe could have been given in any other manner. . ." (Attorney, Convert).

". . . It gives those men whose school days are gone a chance to obtain new ideas and facts. . ." (Banker, Catholic).

". . . Of all the time that I spent for good, the time I spent in the night lectures here far surpasses any. . ." (Mechanic, Catholic).

". . . Continue night classes by all means. . ." (Salesman, Non-Catholic).

And now, what of the future of our School of Catholic Action? Enrollment for the next session has already begun. Every student has signified his intention of continuing, and spreading the good word. Courses in church history, Catholic economics, and Catholic ethics are to augment the present curriculum, at no increase in tuition, for the School of Catholic Action is free.

The final assembly of the first session of the School of Catholic Action took place in the college chapel on Low Sunday with Solemn Mass, at which the president delivered the last lecture, summing up the achievement and dedicating the men to the parochial lay-apostolate. The doors of the college swung shut at last on these graduates: men of all trades, men of none. The whizz of the Packard and the clank of the Ford have passed down the drive with doctor, lawyer, rich man, poor man, having in common none of the common things of life, yet in every heart and eye the burning zeal that marks the man appointed unto conquest and victory. Yes, a varied crowd, yet in many ways not unlike another crowd that went out "two by two before His face" . . . and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

In Donegal

My eyes are tired of beauty, watching the earth,
My mind with searching words precise in praises
Which should be radiant as the ruby-dropping fuchsia
Bursting in profusion from the hedges.

My sight is brimmed with beauty, of roses and orchids
Growing wild in white and gold and purple,
Wild, wind-wetted, growing old unnoticed
And the many-fingered, pink-cream, clutching honeysuckle.

And tired word searching I say as others say
"It is beautiful," even when the marigolds
Sway low among the oats and the wind moves
Like smoke, suddenly, among the meadows.

All these things I touch with love yet feel
A stranger knowing in myself—surprised—
That I with closer intimacy have lain
Upon the earth of dreams, unrealized.

IRENE HAUGH.

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Places and Persons

SAINT JEANNE D'ARC

By HENRI MASSIS

RAISED to the altars of the Church, Jeanne d'Arc, who during many years had been merely the "holy maid" of her own country, became the glory of all Christians regardless of national boundaries. The honor of canonization restored her to the whole of Christendom, the dangers threatening which had moved her no less than did the suffering of her people; and now her message has the splendor of complete fulfilment and is burgeoned everywhere with charity and justice. This heroine of stanch patriotism, of order and peace, was mindful of nothing more than of the interests of Christian society, which were never separate from other purposes dear to her. The way in which great civic emotions existed side by side in her soul, finding there a natural hierarchy, equilibrium and order, is the most impressive sign of her vocation.

Never was a human being better instructed or more rightly fashioned, as Père Clerissac says, "to recall to the world between the crossfire of England and France that there is a supernatural politic which is of God, really active, dominating the politic of terrestrial government, and a Christian law which applies and maintains the essential statute of that politic—the salvation of peoples by the Church through Christ." This Jeanne came to make manifest once more, before truths like to it had been obscured and before the Reformation had broken the spiritual unity of Europe—Jeanne guided by the Christian sense common to all believers in her time, and yet chosen, too, by the Providence of God. No less a thing was necessary to support her making manifest the Divine order, of which she was the loyal instrument, than the miraculous resuscitation of the most ancient of Christian peoples.

For it was in her faith that Jeanne found authentic inspiration, and apart from this faith she remains inexplicable. Even her patriotism was fed on that "great mystery of justice" which was bound up with "the holy crown of France" and which, in her eyes, constituted its value and splendor. Always she spoke in the name of that holiness and justice. And it was in order to save the "holy kingdom" from dangers which threatened the authority and honor of the heavenly King that she accepted the harsh rules of war.

When an obscure dynastic quarrel had flung the English and the French at each other's throats, Jeanne came by God's own order "to the defense of the royal blood"; for nothing could be *in order* until the "true heir" came into his own. Here there was no question of that "simple natural sanction which all established power receives from God," but of a supernatural legitimacy, of a title based upon the fact that the realm was held in fief to the Divine Sovereign. Jeanne formulated this fundamental principle of Christian law at the very beginning of her mission, declaring as she did at Vaucoulers that "the realm does not belong to the Dauphin but to God; and yet it is the will of God that the Dauphin should be crowned king." He held the realm in tenure. When she addressed the English and bade them make peace and leave the land they had unjustly occupied, the same reason guided her action: "Do not be of another mind, for you do not hold the realm of France by God's authority; it belongs to King Charles, the true heir, for God the King of Heaven so wills it." And so she held that fighting against this realm was doing battle against the Lord Jesus.

Extraordinary predestination, the most remote effects of which Jeanne's thought, illuminated by prophetic light, seemed to discern! Shall we say that she foresaw the damage which the English would inflict, less than a century later, on the integrity of the Church? Or that she felt the injury they were doing France, under the pretext of punishing it for its sins, was the omen of that approaching heresy which the separation of the English realm would crown with success? At any rate, it is true that at the bottom of Jeanne's suffering there was always the affliction which rests upon the whole of Christendom in ruins. Apart from the just quarrel which roused her to make a stand against iniquitous persecutors, her heart bled at knowing that such disorders augmented the strength of the unbelieving. And so she veritably consumed herself with urging, with as much charity as wisdom, that they should defend a better cause, return to their true vocation as Christians, and make a common crusade of advancing the Catholic faith and serving it according to fidelity and justice. For the great idea which had captivated Saint Louis never ceased to stir Jeanne's heart. Be it that she dreamed of it as part of the historical mission of France, be it that she had visions of tasks meted out gloriously to all Christian nations. The highest ideal of the middle ages lived again in her—the ideal of perfection, of unity, which she incarnated supremely and which, in those troubled times, she opposed to that desire for domination which was preparing to divide the world.

Jeanne, therefore, is our most illustrious symbol of what was and what should be the Christian order. Accordingly she is fittingly honored in the new book by Hilaire Belloc, since no other personage exemplifies so well what he has called "the Catholic conscience of Europe." "Europe is the Faith," he has said in the best known of his books, and the idea which moves through all his work is that Europe would be nothing

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without the Faith, and that its reason for being has been and remains spreading that Faith throughout the world. A man who has, in this manner, sought inspiration in the depths of history and drawn his philosophy thence, will naturally see in Jeanne the very countenance of that eternal and ancient Christendom to which all baptized peoples belong by right of birth. France is one of these peoples, England another. These are unchanging facts. And do not these countries also have the same foundation of a common civilization, Roman and Christian at the same time, and of similar traditions of order, morality and chivalry? Belloc has stood in opposition to historians who find nothing in Britain excepting the Saxon, barbarian origins. He has worked indefatigably to show the country to us as a second Gaul, separated earlier from the Roman trunk but nourished with sufficient Latin sap to maintain its nature through the ages. In his eyes, therefore, Jeanne is not a symbol of that which once divided the two peoples but a symbol of what could unite them. He has written her life with the same affection and piety, and out of the same profound sense of kinship, which he would have devoted to writing about Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Thus Belloc reverts to ideas of which he is fond and uses the example of Jeanne the Maid to show what a communion of souls in the same faith is capable of doing, and what might result, for the universal social order, from such a union.

Many centuries and numerous vicissitudes were necessary before Jeanne ceased to seem to the English "a witch in league with infernal powers." Reread Shakespeare's "Henry VI" and you will see clearly the picture of the "ugly she-devil of France" which was made of Jeanne by those whom she had driven out of France. She had been able to gain a victory only by giving her soul to Satan and using false incantations—that was the English tradition. The most stupid fancies of Shakespeare's play are merely reflections of such beliefs and ever-living fears. Nevertheless the genial instinct of the poet could not avoid sensing the ardent love which the "holy prophetess" of the French had given to the people of her race; and the most beautiful passage in "Henry VI" is that in which Jeanne seeks to dissuade the Duke of Burgundy from fighting against his kinsmen any longer:

> Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
> And see the cities and the towns defac'd
> By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
> As looks the mother on her lovely babe
> When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
> See, see the pining malady of France;
> Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
> Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
> O, turn thy edged sword another way;
> Strike those who hurt, and hurt not those that help!
> One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
> Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.
> Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
> And wash away thy country's stained spots.

The patriotism of Shakespeare's Jeanne d'Arc is diabolical, indeed. But in his somber poetry, lighted everywhere by sinister flashes, she speaks with an intensity of accent for which one would search in vain in the prosaic, bloodless heroine Robert Southey presented two centuries later in the style of the French Revolution. Even so his history, though in chilly verse, paid an impartial tribute to the "civic passion of Jeanne" and made a great impression in England. Nothing could be less inspired than this poem, from which the author sought to banish every miraculous event and every trace of supernatural influence. The goddess Reason had driven out the saints and angels, but the poetry vanished by the same exit. Southey who would later on reveal a remarkable ability to grasp the visionary, the splendid, at this time knew only the Voltairean ideology. When he spoke of the "visions" of Jeanne, he tried to explain them by referring to a gust of wind or a strange cloud formation. Nor did he fail to invent a passage in which he revealed the secret that she had never gone to Mass, to Holy Communion or to confession.

Fifty years after Southey's "Joan of Arc" was published, Thomas De Quincey exposed its desolate platitudinousness in a brilliant essay on a book just written by Michelet. Nor did the strange British visionary devote less ardor to combating certain assumptions of the French historian, who pretended that at the hour of martyrdom, inside the gates of death, as it were, Jeanne had felt she had been deceived in her faith, had wavered and then retracted. "It is not certain," wrote Michelet, "that she spoke the word of apostasy; I myself hold that she thought it." To which De Quincey replied with flaming indignation that she had "thought" no such thing—and that such a word as "thought" could not be applied to such a situation. "Now it is France who calumniates the Maid," he added, "and England who defends her." Arguments literally marshaled themselves under his pen. They were based not merely on what was presumably her natural disposition but also on what is definitely known about the morning of her martyrdom from the accounts of many witnesses. Even this, however, did not satisfy De Quincey. We need to keep in memory all those fine pages in which the English essayist defended the sublime constancy of Jeanne; and the marvelous essay of this strange dreamer is, in spite of its curious form, one of the noblest homages ever written.

De Quincey was not the only writer across the channel to defend the pure radiance of Domrémy's saint against the intrigues of certain French historians. The little book, so pertinent and malicious, which Andrew Lang devoted to the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Anatole France has not been forgotten. It has none of the apocalyptic tone of De Quincey's reply to Michelet, but manifests instead the fine discernment of a critic admirably prepared to detect in M. France's essay a mélange of inventions, inexactitudes and manifestly contradictory references to sources which either do not

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say what M. France claimed to have found there or mean the opposite, but which all help to strip the career of Jeanne d'Arc of every miraculous characteristic.

It is true that the rationalist, the agnostic, will never understand the achievement of the Maid. Under the pretext of realistic treatment of a "human adventure," they flounder among the most fantastic hypotheses, and the mission of Jeanne takes on as many diverse meanings as the critics profess contradictory philosophies. "The whole art of these respectable sceptics consists in discrediting supernatural stories which have a foundation in fact and in telling natural stories which have no foundation in fact," says Mr. Chesterton. Beyond any question the life of Jeanne is replete with miracles; but in pretending that there are no miracles, the sceptics lose sight of the true problem which lies in seeing if the faith of the Maid does not contain some virtue of unity, of moral idea, the secret of which escapes them. A Catholic like Mr. Belloc cannot content himself with the bland a priori assertion that miracles cannot have happened. He is not a victim to so ardent a faith in the impossibility of the miraculous. Reading the testimony, he has found it difficult to believe in anything like a conspiracy of untruth, since there is palpably no evidence to show such a thing: and the conviction has imposed itself upon his mind that these facts are so minutely related and so abundantly confirmed that they *must* have happened. And here again he says: The European, the man who above all is reasonable, the Catholic, is in conflict with the sceptical barbarian and with the arbitrary and crude dogmas of his materialist determinism. For in his eyes miracles like these are only the final coronation of a coherent ensemble. He knows, for example, what European civilization was in the thirteenth century, what it still remained in the fifteenth, and what it was to become after the sixteenth; these are facts which the Catholic conscience of Europe alone is able to explain.

One sees easily enough why Hilaire Belloc became the historian of Jeanne d'Arc. His book opposes historical facts stated simply and plainly in the fashion of the chronicle to the ironic inventions of Bernard Shaw who represents the saint as an individualist in rebellion. And he has added nothing to the facts, has restrained himself from attempting to "interpret" them. Thus it is not a Catholic's "point of view" regarding Jeanne d'Arc which he offers us; for a man like Hilaire Belloc would have no such point of view. Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, saw the maid from "points of view" because they saw her from the outside; but a Catholic will understand her history from within, being one with the subject in regarding it in its essence and totality. So it is only in passing he notes that "the men of Jeanne's time were not like those of today, blind to invisible reality; they knew the power of God and His saints and they knew the time of the 'Prince of Darkness.' "

BESIDE LAKE CHAMPLAIN

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

IN THE good old days, people took their culture seriously. Not quite so much of it was dinned into them, ministers of the Gospel had not yet, for its sake, transformed their churches into substitutes for the *Literary Digest,* but men sat down and talked about it to each other with something of the continued tenseness of Wagnerian love duets. Out of such a time and temper the "reading circle" developed, spread into Catholic terrain, and eventually inspired a young convert—Mr. Warren E. Mosher—with the fine idea of a Catholic Summer School. The model he kept before him was the old Chatauqua, which institution may not always have been qualified by those characteristics we now look back upon with admiration but which was none the less brilliant with two fine instincts. It recognized the fact that cultivating the mind is, for the average man, a corporate enterprise, and it knew a good site when it saw it.

Genius—sheer, unadulterated genius—presided over the Catholic Summer School's hunt for a home. The country round about Lake Champlain is an ideal summer romping ground, for climatic and scenic reasons which it is impossible to enumerate in full. But the stretch occupied by the school has advantages all its own. Here is a beach quite abnormally swimmable and sittable. Hills and dales, woods and wild flowers, abound sufficiently to afford all the best-known charms of landscape, but there is also sufficient "regular" ground to bring a good game of golf within the reach of all. Inside striking distance, the wondrous Adirondacks supply more than a plenty of those romantic settings in which, from time immemorial, avowals of affection have harvested rare charm—and endurance. I do not suppose for a moment that the founders of the school thought of all these things. Diviners of the future they were—which fact is most impressively brought home when one observes the short and easy distance which now separates Cliff Haven from the marvels of Canada, the long grasses of Quebec plains and the equally lengthy glasses of Meridian.

No, we have not gone so far from the original purposes of the establishment as one might think. It is just that life has really been pumped into the frame of the thing and made to set a pace for Dame Culture which she can properly keep up. Morning, afternoon and evening, the venerable lecture hall reverberates with thoughtful oratory on any number of themes, and the congregated faithful sleep less than in any similar establishment of which we have knowledge. Familiar platform celebrities reappear season after season, and

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yet there is always room for some youngster yearning for a chance to speak out his mind. The finest result is the development of a sense of comradeship between those who expound and those who listen—an after-hours round-table regarding which one does not know whether it is more blessed to give or to receive. Little by little, too, a fund of memories is built up and made to endure for many years. The following abstract from the list of topics for the present season (I shall forbear naming the lecturers) will give some idea of what the program affords and of the pains to which Father Duffy, director, has gone to prepare a balanced ration: Faith and History, The Enjoyment of Poetry, Conduct and Suggestion, Catholic Action and the Laity, Parallels and Contrasts in American History, The Modern French Novel, The Pope as Civil Ruler, Music. And of course you must add recitals in a great variety of forms. I submit that here is enough intellectual culture to make anybody's head ache—if it were not so palatable and excellent as to be proof against that. There is just one criticism which I shall permit myself to bring forward at this point. It is too bad that for lack of funds and space the library has not been developed. It was well begun; but for the sake of all of us who write books and would like to sell at least one copy, this side of Cliff Haven is most earnestly brought to your attention. At this point the following quotation from Professor Logan Pearsall Smith is, perhaps, in order: "I hate having books forced down my throat; but how I love forcing them down the throats of other people!"

Thoroughly modernized, the Summer School has kept abreast of trends in education. Many who cannot afford the luxury of culture *per se* in any great quantity are nevertheless anxious to acquire it for semi-professional reasons. Summer university courses have, therefore, grown immensely popular everywhere. At Cliff Haven this academic ambition is met half way by Fordham University, which offers more than sixty programs in subjects ranging from modern languages to mathematics. Credits are extended as a matter of course to students who meet the requirements, the cost is moderate ($175 covers all expense for four weeks), and the faculty is the best New York talent. The mere fact that every professor enjoys his surroundings and that the salubrious air eliminates biliousness is not to be disregarded by those in quest of more academic training. When these university extension courses were first offered, some fear was abroad lest the character of the Summer School as a whole might be altered. Today virtually everyone is agreed that the development has been most advantageous; and I beg leave to add my personal tribute to as promising an educational venture as I, more or less of a rambling reporter on such matters, have been privileged to discern.

Nor must one forget two adjacent activities: Father Duffy's camp for boys, which is an agglomeration of satisfying bungalows in which youngsters may put up under the very best kind of direction, and a playground where fond parents may "park" their little ones with the knowledge that they will hardly be able to wait for the next morning and time to go again. Indeed, the only thing which reconciles these tots to parting from their titian-haired "playmate"—at least she used to be titian-haired—is the thought of food, which at Cliff Haven attains an excellency and abundance meriting the applause of every butcher, grocer and truck-gardener for miles round.

When one has listed all the charms of Cliff Haven, however, it is plain that religion occupies the foremost place. The school is loyal to fine Catholic traditions, expressive of the true genius of the Church in the United States. Mass and prayer form, unostentatiously, the background of daily existence. Angelus bells are heeded as they ring out above the trees, the cottage roofs, the playgrounds and lecture halls. Best of all, however, is the opportunity to meet, as one seldom can elsewhere, priests who are also taking a breath of fresh air and nurturing the youth of their souls. To many who have gone to Cliff Haven, hours spent walking or talking with clergymen they might otherwise never have met remain the most distinguished of memories. I myself remember, with more gratitude than I know how to express, the kindly conversation of two priests—one a Brooklyn monsignor grown gray in God's harness, the other a distinguished, far-seeing New York pastor—which afforded more insight into what the Church sees of human life in a great city than I could otherwise have learned. This side of Cliff Haven is its finest, its most appealing, its least sonorous but withal its most enduring advertisement.

Attendance—which normally means residence at one of the cottages—has shown a pleasing tendency to increase. There is, however, much room for further growth, and this in turn is one of the finest ways of attaining social and intellectual coöperation among American Catholics. Those who have come realize this perfectly. Those who have not can do no better than risk a trial. Cliff Haven is a democracy which is also an aristocracy. It confers something on all who come—not a degree or an order, but a favor. The favor of knowledge that life is still sweet and sound at the core. The favor of comradeship and soul's peace, the favor of something which one can only call the smile of God.

Danny

Danny, I've not known you long
Your elfin face and constant blush
Are new, but like a once-heard song,
You've found my heart in one short rush.

I haven't yet surveyed your soul
To weigh the good and weigh the guile.
Seeing part, I love the whole—
Your freshness crinkling in a smile!

EOGHEN SHIEL.

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MANY NATIONS

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

ROME is the one place in the world where no man is an alien. This fact for anyone who had reached the age of reason during the war is worth considering. For during those miserable and insane years the only man free from suspicion was he who, born in a village, never left it—a village preferably with a high percentage of idiocy through years of intermarriage. In such a village presumably people knew who he was. All he then had to do was to hold his tongue or agree with anything he heard. He was safe. But the adventurer who moved away from home a few miles across the earth's surface to where the tone of voice or the accentuation or combination of syllables differed from his own was the marked prey for a peculiarly stupid cruelty born of universal fear. The only defense was a label, a uniform, a badge, and these outward signs of conformity were valid only within a certain territory. At the frontier they meant prison or death. Travel was useless or impossible. Trains, ships, airplanes, anything that carried men, carried them to kill or be killed or both.

Anyone who can look back upon those days and remark—as Sieyès did when asked when he had done during the French Revolution—that he remained alive, will know what I mean and remember what I mean. And to such a one coming to Rome the first astonishment will be that here not only are nationalities present in endless variety but that, actually, they wear a national costume. You see some fifty men coming down the great steps of the Piazza di Spagna dressed in bright scarlet and they are Germans. The steps themselves were built by a French cardinal; a house at the foot of them bears a tablet unashamedly admitting that it once sheltered the young English poet, John Keats. You see a long file of men whose black cassocks are edged with blue and who wear a red sash and these men are Americans. You can recognize by their clothes the Spanish, the Irish, the French. And these men so flagrantly not Italian, so proud indeed to flaunt their nationality, are men studying in Rome to become priests of the one Church which stands above and protects all nationalities.

It occurs to you at once that Rome had prepared herself from earliest times to receive the Church. Founded by aliens, as America was founded by aliens, she had welcomed large colonies of aliens within her walls and these colonies had been permitted to retain the characteristics of their origin and even the cult of their gods. Rome already was an international congress praying to a variety of gods in a variety of tongues when Saint Peter came bearing with him the fantastic burden of a truth that was to be true for all nations and for all time.

A few words in example. Tacked on the wall of a hotel room in Rome is a chart, such a chart as schoolboys methodically and painfully plan out in order to make sure of being in the proper room at the proper time for each uneagerly awaited lesson. Across the top: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday; down one side: nine, ten, eleven; lines drawn down and lines drawn across, and in the squares thus produced the "three R's" with any modern improvements the faculty can invent or the finances of the institution afford. The chart in the Roman hotel is easier to read for it is printed; it covers only the eight days that follow the feast of the Epiphany; and it is a schedule of the prayers, sermons and ceremonies which take place at that time in the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle or St. Andrew in that "Hollow" which long ago marked the site. Father Vincent Pallotti founded the Pious Society of Missions in 1834 and instituted this week of ceremonies in the following year. It is

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worth while considering what takes place during the week, and I will make a summary of the chart. It may read like a list but it should be read like a poem, the poem of the universality of the Church.

I will read down the column of one day. At six thirty, Mass with the saying of the rosary, prayers and Benediction; at eight thirty, Solemn High Mass sung by the Conventual Fathers; at nine thirty, High Mass sung by Syrian priests according to the Syrian rite of Antioch; at eleven, a sermon in English by Father John Hayes of the archdiocese of Cashel in Ireland; at three thirty, instruction, rosary and prayers; at four, a sermon in Italian by Monsignor Martini, canon of Pisa, domestic prelate to His Holiness; at five, Litany of the Saints and Benediction given by Cardinal Lega with the assistance of students from the College of the Propaganda; at a quarter to six, instruction, rosary and prayers; at six, a sermon in Italian by Father Borsieri, rector of the Church of St. Charles; at a quarter to seven, Litany of the Saints, Benediction given by Bishop Giannastasio with the assistance of students from the English College. That is one day. For eight days the rhythm of prayer is unbroken. It is unnecessary to add that at every hour the great church is crowded.

Each day the appeal to the world outside the Church is repeated. But the world is not an abstraction and the message of unity, imploring or triumphant—yet always imploring for no triumph can be final which concerns the earth—goes forth in a precise appeal to each nation, showing the place marked for it within the Church and speaking to it in its tongue. Reading across the chart at the line eight thirty you see that this Mass is said each day by the priest of a great religious order, the Dominicans, the Servites, the Augustinians, the Carmelites, the Capuchins. It is the union of what may be called the specialized religious efforts of Europe, these great societies of men created at different ages by the fervor and insight of a saint or by the wisdom of a Pope to meet and oppose some acute form of permanent human misery, some new and partial emphasis of error. Across the line of nine thirty it is the union of the East with Rome. Mass is said according to the following rites: the Syrian rite of the Maronites, the Syrian rite of Antioch, the Greek rite of the Ruthenians, the Greek rite of the Slavs, the Chaldean rite, the Armenian, the Ethiopian and the Greek. And these priests from the Orient and Africa are not visitors in Rome; they have their colleges here, many of which have existed for centuries; they have their chapels. But on this occasion they say Mass without the barrier that divides the sanctuary from the faithful in Eastern churches as though they wished to make clear to our Western eyes the fact that their Mass is the same as our Mass and the sacrifice the same. At eleven, the sermon is in the modern languages of our world, German, English, Dutch, Polish, French and Spanish. In the afternoon, the Romans hear sermons in their own tongue, while in succession round the altar they see all the national colleges of students for the priesthood and the great international colleges of the Propaganda and the Order of St. Benedict.

After this week at Saint' Andrea it is impossible not to reflect upon the history of the Church and the world, the body and soul of life of which but one is eternal. For a time it looked to the short vision of men as though the blood of the Christian martyrs sufficed to pay for the conversion of the world. Rome accepted the truth. The East and the West accepted the truth, but how little was known of the East, and what blank spaces on the map of the West! Truth, however, like government, like virtue, is a restraint to instinct and immediate desire. The pride of Byzantium—and we are beginning only to realize how much it had to be proud of—was too great and the East broke away from Rome. Later on the rediscovery of human beauty made men as though drunk, while the obstinacy of certain individuals and again the sin of self-sufficient pride broke the Western world into pieces. The expansion from the Twelve who first believed reached its maximum in terms of territory and suffered the fate of empires.

The early Christian world had been in so noble a hurry. It had seemed to their simple faith that the world must soon end, that the world must burst with the pressure of the truth revealed; that the salvaion of the world was a matter of as immediate importance as was probable the imminence of its end. They were like an army driving rapidly forward; innumerable strongholds fell before them but they failed to hold the ground they gained. And then, suddenly, the whole field of battle was dwarfed by the new knowledge of fabulous continents, uncountable populations, millenary and wise civilizations. It was then that Christianity understood with awe—and only grace could keep it from despairing—that the conversion of the world was an endless struggle, beginning anew with every birth, not ending with any victory, out of scale with any time measure known to man, the manner and duration and achievement of which only God could know.

The Divine promise to the Church had been this: that the Church would not accept despair. Recently the rewards for its confidences have been numerous.

COMMUNICATIONS

FATHER TABB'S MEMORIAL

Hot Springs, Va.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL of Wednesday, May 20, I read with much interest the article by Mr. Howard Meriwether Lovett, under "Places and Persons," which featured the Father John Bannister Tabb Memorial Library in Richmond, Virginia.

The article by Mr. Lovett is indeed a charming one, but as is so often the case in such matters the beginnings of movements become obscured by later developments. This appears to be particularly true of Mr. Lovett's history of the beginnings of the Tabb Memorial Library, for he says that at first "there were no funds, no place, no books. This was in the year 1921."

Now as a matter of fact the library was founded in November, 1920, and was serving a very real need some little time before there was any thought of calling it the Tabb Memorial Library. The founding of the St. Peter's Boys' Library and the idea of a memorial to Father Tabb were two distinct and separate movements and in the beginning had no relation one to the other.

For a number of years Mr. James, who had always been an ardent admirer of Father Tabb, had in mind a memorial to Father Tabb which was to be placed at his grave in Hollywood Cemetery. Whether this was ever done, I do not know. But my recollection is that the memorial languished and that sufficient funds were never raised and so the monument was not erected.

Now it so happened that in September of 1920, at the opening of the school year of the old St. Peter's Parish School, the Junior Holy Name Society resumed its activities. Not more than five or six boys attended the first meeting as this society had been more or less neglected. And so in order to lend interest and to attract the boys, the idea of a boys' library was conceived as an added incentive to arouse the interest of the youngsters in their Holy Name Society.

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For many reasons it is difficult to explain the success which attended the founding of this St. Peter's Boys' Library. It could perhaps be partly explained by the fact that St. Peter's Church was so centrally located and the further fact that it was a library just for boys which aroused the utmost enthusiasm among the boys themselves. Explain it how you will, however, the membership grew by leaps and bounds and included boys from every Catholic parish in the city as well as a few boys from the country section. And the boys also brought in their non-Catholic friends, so that soon there were Protestants, Jews and boys of no church connections whatsoever, all of whom were attending the Holy Name meetings and patronizing the library.

It did not take long for the interest to spread to the mothers and fathers, and so keen became this interest in the work being done for the boys of the various parishes that the Knights of Columbus took up a collection for the library. And as its membership grew and its sphere of influence widened, the women of St. Peter's parish together with the women of adjoining parishes gave a party to raise funds for the boys.

It was some time during the winter of 1921 that Mr. James and Mr. Burke, the then editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* were visitors at St. Peter's rectory one evening just after Benediction when the boys were trooping over to borrow books from the library. So great was the impression made on Mr. James and Mr. Burke, that they wished to give this work among the boys some publicity in the *Times-Dispatch.* And Mr. James, always an eager worker in any good cause, began securing donations for new books from his various friends in the city.

By this time the space in the rectory had become so restricted and the membership had grown to such proportions, that a larger room was needed. The sphere of usefulness of the library, too, had so widened that it was attracting much attention outside of Catholic circles.

All of this brought up the question of the need for a name that would be less parochial. It was then that the idea of calling this library the John Bannister Tabb Memorial Library was conceived by Mr. James.

Thus came about the present memorial for Father Tabb. It was undoubtedly the two interests running side by side in Mr. James's mind that gave to him the idea of constituting this St. Peter's Boys' Library as the memorial to Father Tabb. And where his idea of a great shaft at Father Tabb's grave had never aroused any enthusiasm, the idea of a memorial in the form of a library for boys and girls was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.

The outstanding work which had been done by the St. Peter's Boys' Library had undoubtedly paved the way for the success that attended the founding of the memorial to Father Tabb. And what perhaps made this form of memorial seem the most fitting was the tender love that Father Tabb always had for children, so that it seemed proper that his memory should be enshrined in some form of activity for the upbuilding of character in boys and girls. With the united backing of every group of people within the city of Richmond and the state of Virginia, the memorial became an actual fact.

But to Mr. James, be it said, must go the credit for the undaunted enthusiasm that knew no obstacles. He never allowed any difficulty, however great, to discourage him or those working under him, but kept steadily on until he had convinced everyone that this form of memorial would be the most fitting to Father Tabb and mean the most to the people of Virginia.

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THE ULTIMATE CASUALTIES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: There has come to my attention the article, "The Ultimate Casualties," by Mr. Joseph Conrad Fehr in the May 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. The article is both timely and interesting; and presents in a broad view one of the major problems faced by the federal government in connection with the military defense of the nation.

Undoubtedly, as inferred in Mr. Fehr's article, the changed point of view as evidenced throughout the country by the enactment of state legislation intended to make possible more complete coördination of efforts on the part of state and federal agencies—i.e., the courts and the bureau—is due to a realization of the fact that the government has not attempted to supplant any existing agency, whether court or voluntary welfare association, but rather to supplement by its guardianship service, the machinery of such local organizations. This is fundamental, and has been recognized by several of the highest tribunals of the states which by their decisions have pointed out that the benefits payable by the government to or on account of its war veterans constitute a trust fund, which should be protected by both state and federal agencies to the end that it inure solely to the benefit of those on whose account it is paid.

While it is felt that the work on behalf of the incompetent veterans, or for the dependents of veterans, is not only worth while in itself but their just due because of the service rendered in time of war, still it is gratifying to find that there is a permanent gain in the judicial procedure of the country as a more or less material resultant of the forces exercised in connection with this program. It may be of interest to you that beyond the continental limits of the United States—as in the Philippine Islands—legislative sanction has been given to the government's policy, while some governments of foreign countries, wherein reside many former American soldiers, have evinced a coöperative interest in their welfare.

Your article will be of value in acquainting many with the facts in connection with this undertaking of the United States.

E. E. ODOM,
Chief, Guardianship Division,
United States Veterans' Bureau.

BATS IN THE BELFRY

White Bear Lake, Minn.

TO the Editor: Under the above caption THE COMMONWEAL of June 3 reprints a letter signed "Organist," which appeared in *America,* March 28, and which inspired the writer to pen the following comments which are as timely today as they were then.

To answer all the questions asked it would be necessary to know whether said "Organist" is a man, a woman, a nun or merely one of those precocious youngsters too often assigned to the difficult duties of organist in our churches because he (or she) can rattle off rag-time by the yard on a piano. About the only two things alike on a piano and an organ are that both have white and black keys. The same key on a piano always produces the same sound while on an organ it may produce twenty different sounds according to the "stop" drawn. It would surprise many amateur organists to learn that an organ with fifteen stops is capable of producing 32,767 combinations! Of course not all these are pleasant to the ear, but the skill of the organist lies in selecting those that are agreeable, just as an artist selects his colors and combines them in a hundred different ways to produce a beautiful picture.

With more than thirty years' experience as organist and training children's choirs, boy choirs, college choirs, male choirs and mixed choirs, the writer can truthfully say that he has never experienced the annoyances that "Organist" complains of. He has always tried to impress children as well as adults with the exalted dignity and great privilege of singing in church "for the glory of God, the edification of the faithful and the salvation of the singer's own soul," and the fact that no priest, bishop or Pope is permitted to celebrate High Mass without the cooperation of the choir.

In children's choirs he has always tried to have a fund of interesting, instructive or amusing stories on hand to tell them at rehearsals as a reward for good conduct at rehearsals and in church.

Finally, the writer has always advocated the plan not to pay a salary to an incompetent organist but, if deserving and talented, to pay for a course of organ lessons with a first-class teacher and thus make it possible for the pupil in time to earn a suitable salary for services properly performed.

WILLIAM F. MARKOE.

THE UKRAINIANS

Corfu, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your editorial in regard to the Ukrainians was timely, although these patient people have suffered long. It is some comfort to know that others are learning something of the plight of this highly interesting minority group. They are the representatives among Slavic peoples, of the ancient Oriental Church. They are living witnesses of the true Catholicity Rome portrays and the undying energy of the Faith. They are a rebuke to those who look to the East as essentially schismatic and anti-Roman.

Their loyalty is fully attested in their liturgy. Today, as I heard Mass in their rite, the Holy Father was prayed for in no uncertain way. At the end of the Mass, bishop, priests and people sang with great earnestness and acclaim, the praises of the Sovereign Pontiff and wished him many years of happiness. As I followed the sacred ceremonies and listened to the sonorous tones of the language of Saints Cyril and Methodius proclaiming the one Faith of Christendom, I felt sure we Westerns owed a great debt to these pious people who through great persecutions have preserved their ancient rites and have kept the Faith, testifying that the early Christian Church was certainly Roman as well as Apostolic.

HENRY B. SHAW.

"NON-CATHOLIC"

Las Cruces, N. M.

TO the Editor: Replying to Joseph Hollister's query as to the word "non-Catholic," I will say that he is peculiarly unfortunate in the examples he selects. "Non-Jew" and "non-Mohammedan" may not be words in common use, but "gentile" and "infidel" express the same thing to Jews and Mohammedans. "Gentile" in fact is a term in which we gentiles rejoice.

It is quite natural to have a word to mark off one group from all others when it is actually or technically distinct from the others and the expression of that distinction is frequently required.

To the military all others are civilians, even though the distinction be between an army chaplain and the best machine-gunner in gangland. To the Christian all others are heathens, to the clergy all others are laymen. Why not?

REV. HENRY D. BUCHANAN.

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FOR THE ELECT

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor: John B. McDonald raises hard questions in his article on humanism. He thinks, one may say, that a Catholic and perhaps only a Catholic is in line for what Maritain and Gilson, e.g., term an "integral" humanism, and he distinguishes between this and "mere" humanism. Then he raises the question of sanction, at times and in specific ethical situations the crucial human problem. As he suggests, it may be that the mere humanist has not found and cannot find a genuinely usable sanction. I think though that Father McDonald nears the stage of not allowing the humanist to search on the human level for standards and bases and sanctions, whereas I suggest that the theist, as the agnostic, might say it is man's duty to exhaust every human-high possibility on such topics before invoking any other. I pass over the fair question of whether, for the mere and the integral humanist, the winning or losing of "rounded human perfection" might not be the sanction; if so, the divergence would be only as to where and how this is to be sought and gained.

I waive also the point of whether the author is not overinfluenced by reading Mr. Foerster's recent work which, though it sums up the thought of his group on standards, is yet a personal study and is full of opinions which not every humanist of either type would countersign. On the whole Father McDonald's remarks show knowledge and acumen but lack perhaps the sympathy which might urge that mere humanism and integral humanism are not in every instance poles apart. The cosmology or metaphysics of the mere humanist differs from that of general Catholic thought for the humanist dares few positive statements in pure philosophy, yet the aim of both is a genuinely human life. Humanists try to work their way to this goal without supernatural help, and it is interesting and challenging to see how far in the long run they succeed or fail. Of course, they may not claim to find more than they find, and there is in Foerster a slight note of having found a human sufficiency which Babbitt's work of the last few years does not claim and which More's recent writings actually disavow. The maturer of them see the difficulties. Leave Eliot's surrender aside, still one remarks that on the religious and ethical question Babbitt is ill-at-ease and has not yet, at any rate, found the basis and sanction of human living which humanism of either type *ex professo* seeks. Mr. More also, once so sure that he had in Plato and Socrates the way and working of the good life, finds in his illustrious models no full answer to certain new-humanistic questions, such as, "Why should one not will rather to power than to restraint?" Yet this most human and civilized of authors says he did not retreat or retract in turning Christian, but kept right on.

REV. LEO R. WARD.

COMMEMORATING A BROADCAST

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: There appeared in a recent issue of our local daily papers a descriptive article together with photographs of a bronze tablet that is to be unveiled in a local Presbyterian church. The article states that the tablet memorializes the first church services to be broadcast to the North and South Poles which occurred in 1922 and 1928 respectively.

This has caused me to wonder what plans are being made throughout America to commemorate the historic broadcast of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, which took place February 12, 1931.

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M. M. MCDERMOTT.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Amateur Theatre

FOR THE last three years, I have meant to devote this department for at least one week to the adventurous opportunities opened up by the growing amateur theatre movement in this country. I wish I could feel that I had said enough on the opportunity for those of means to encourage and support the highest type of professional theatre in our leading centers. Obviously, I have not said enough, as there are still no signs of any definite action toward establishing producing groups with the backing of those who believe that the theatre can be both fine and Christian at the same time. Last week, I brought up the heavy artillery of Margaret Anglin's recent radio address in support of this idea. Possibly it may help to break down some of the lethargic resistance. The amateur theatre, however, is quite another matter. It requires no heavy sacrifices of capital on the part of the Christian rich! It can do wonders with little. It needs only the time and energy of men and women of good-will and reasonable intelligence.

What I wish to suggest, specifically, is the formation of local theatre groups which, through dues paid, and through occasional performances for paid admissions, can set about in earnest to spread a liking for good plays, and a better understanding of the fine points of theatrical entertainment. Fortunately, I do not have to cast about to find a concrete example of accomplishment on these lines. Under the able guidance of Monsignor Joseph McMahon, there has been in existence for many years a Dramatic Union in Our Lady of Lourdes parish in New York City which completely meets the specifications one might lay down for the ideal neighborhood group.

A brief outline of the operating methods of this Dramatic Union may give some idea of the essential simplicity and practicality of the idea. This Dramatic Union functions under a president and board of officers elected from members of the parish, guided by a moderator or spiritual director. From its dues and occasional box-office receipts, it engages the services of a professional director during the entire winter season. It utilizes the parish hall and stage for its performances, and has learned to perform marvels of ingenuity and effective setting with a few pieces of interchangeable scenery.

Starting with these bare essentials, the chief and conspicuous achievement of the group is the professional character of its work. I imagine that this has not been an easy tradition to build up. It has been brought about largely through a system involving regularity, discipline, keen competition and mastery of the details of stage-craft. The union holds weekly meetings throughout the season, and at each meeting a one-act play is presented by certain members of the group. Thus a number of different groups are working at the same time, spending, perhaps, several weeks in preparing for a single performance. Each group constitutes a complete unit, with its own stage-director, its own cast and its own stage-manager. All the work is under the general supervision of the professional director, but every effort is made to develop the independent ability of various members of the union in each department of the stage. During the year, the professional director selects the best members of each group for the occasional performances of full length plays, and at the close of each season, there is a one-act play competition, with prizes awarded by a committee of invited judges for the best directed play and also for the best individual performances.

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It is easy to see that under such a system, the union develops a hive-like activity. Rehearsals are often conducted in three or four places at once. Rivalry grows keen between the various groups. Yet, through the system of frequent performances, there is plenty of opportunity for all. The trouble with most amateur groups lies in the difficulty of distributing enough parts to satisfy the "stage-struck." By giving twenty or more plays a year, including several long ones and the final prize competition, the more obvious causes for jealousy or for charges of favoritism are avoided, an interested group spirit develops, and the standards of acting, of direction and of play choice automatically improve from month to month and year to year. The members soon discover for themselves, for example, that the best written plays are the easiest ones to give well, and a taste for the best in dramatic literature thus develops almost unconsciously and from the practical desire to excel in performance. An excellent semi-professional dance orchestra provides the music for all occasions—indicating that a sense of good showmanship develops along with all other forms of dramatic aptitude.

Quite the most pleasantly surprising experience of this Dramatic Union is the fact that a wide choice of plays has been made over a series of years without having to resort to that type of sentimentally religious plays so commonly associated with parish activities. "The Upper Room" is generally given during the Lenten season, but aside from that notable and dignified work, the majority of the plays are drawn from the classics and from the Broadway successes of recent seasons. The one-act plays, of course, are selected from the special catalogs furnished by certain publishing houses specializing in this work. They include plays by Sutro, Barrie, Milne and many other experts in the one-act play technique.

The question naturally arises as to the quality of the work achieved under this system. I can only say that having been privileged to serve several times as one of the judges at the annual competitions, and having seen one of the performances of this group in the annual Belasco cup tournament for Little Theatres, I have invariably carried away the impression of work very closely approximating professional standards. The diction of nearly all the actors is conspicuously excellent—even when subjected to the critical test of rendering English drawing-room plays. The performers all have unusual poise. They take up their cues quickly, their sense of tempo is exceptionally good, and many of them have very real ability in subtle characterization.

This year, I was so fortunate as to witness a production of Barrie's short three-scene play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." I can say in all honesty, and without making any allowances, that the standard of this entire performance given by the Dramatic Union was the equal of four out of five plays which are seen on Broadway today. The practical results, then, are quite as satisfactory as the ingenious methods of obtaining them.

There remains only the question of what good such activity accomplishes. Is the amateur theatre, after all, worth cultivating? The obvious answer lies, I believe, in the well-known fact that we always enjoy any form of entertainment more when we understand its fine points. To have played baseball oneself is to get a far greater thrill out of a good professional game. The same is true in all sports. It is doubly true of the stage. Nothing could so definitely contribute toward the making of better audiences for the professional theatre than work of the caliber and intelligence of the Dramatic Union I have described above.

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BOOKS

Newer Religious Books

THERE is no visible decline in either the number or the general quality of religious publications. Although books as unusually good as Karl Adam's "Spirit of Catholicism" are rare, much that deserves a careful reading is being written. First on the present list is "The Royal Law," a series of short discourses on charity, by Abbot Boniface Wöhrmüller, O.S.B. (English translation by Dom Ernest Graf. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50). The author aims to arrive at a definition of charity and then to inculcate its practice. Because none of the major difficulties and problems of our time are ignored, the definition is remarkably complete; and because the pedagogy is itself an illustration of how Abbot Wöhrmüller can quite unwittingly practise what he preaches, it should be effective. We wish the volume no little success. "The Way of Life," by the Reverend G. J. MacGillivray, S.J., is an exposition of the Catholic religion for the benefit of "those whose beliefs are of the vaguest kind" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50). In not a few respects the treatment is bright, appealing and succinct. But one fears that, for its purpose, the book is a little too belligerently argumentative. Nor are the two chapters on evidence as good as they might be. "Fountains of Joy," by the Reverend Frederick A. Houck (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.25), is a somewhat curious treatise on water, seen first as a natural element, then as holy water, and then as a symbol of the Precious Blood. The volume has a somewhat anthological character and would seem to stand in need of considerable tightening, deepening and refashioning.

Excellent in purpose, "The Pearl of Revelation," by the Reverend Emmanuel Elkouri Hanna, ought to find an audience among Syrian Catholics in America. But as a treatment of the whole content of revelation it will not strike the ordinary reader as comparable with other works he already knows (Privately published. $2.00). Discourses of great brilliancy and vigor have been assembled in "The Ten Commandments," by the Reverend James M. Gillis (New York: The Paulist Press. $1.00). The points are made with all a good orator's effectiveness, and "questions and answers" are appended to each discourse. But why has Father Gillis couched his speech in so thick a jeremiad? For instance, after having stated that ours is the worst of all possible worlds, he goes on to propose that "the salvation of society is in the family." But it is a pretty heroic paterfamilias who would buck up and place the bit between his teeth if he thought the universe as black as Father Gillis has painted it. "Jesus the Crucified," by Mother Clare Fey (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25), is a little volume of succinct meditations which has been translated from the German. They may be recommended to religious for their mystical fervor, which may however be somewhat more lurid than the average soul relishes.

Now for some works of a more historical character, many of which deserve longer reviews than space permits. "The Cardinal of Lorraine and the Council of Trent," by H. Outram Evenett is a monograph which must be ranked with the best writing of the Abbés Rivière and Brémond as a study of the post-Reformation era. Here the somewhat enigmatic figure of a French cardinal who thought that the reunion of Christendom might be effected through concessions is set vividly against the background of his time. The writing is extraordinarily good; the sanity of treatment most commendable. While we should not care to endorse all the author's conclusions, we really think

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his book one of the finest contributions to historical scholarship we have noted in a long while (New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.50). It is a colorful and wholly pleasing story which Grace H. Sherwood tells in "The Oblates' Hundred and One Years" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50). Here is the chronicle of a religious community which established a Catholic boarding-school for women, and which was—the fact comes as something of a surprise—comprised of colored sisters. Beginning in the days when refugees from San Domingo flocked to the United States, the story is brought down to our present busy and fruitful days. While the volume is essentially annalistic, it can and ought to be read. Professor Stewart G. Cole's "History of Fundamentalism" (New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.50) is a review of the "fundamentalist" movement inside American Protestantism since the war. It is interesting and even important for the light it throws upon developments which have not sapped the strength of Protestant groups but which have sadly undermined their intellectual and religious effectiveness. A new book of unusual interest is T. R. Glover's "The World of the New Testament," which aims to reconstruct the mind which Christianity came to convert and over which its triumph was in every just sense "constructive" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00). The author set out to seek the contact between the early Christian and antiquity, not in the "worst" domain nor in the field of the mysteries but on the level of "the best" the ancient Hellenic world had to offer. This, one is reminded, was also in a measure the theme of "Marius the Epicurean." But Mr. Glover's is a totally different kind of little book, which can be recommended with genuine pleasure. It combines knowledge with sanity and is guided by the excellent principle that we need not to *explain* but to *understand* the Christian victory.

"Justin Martyr: The Dialogue with Trypho" appears in a translation, with notes, by A. Lukyn Williams in the S.P.C.K. series of Greek Texts (New York: The Macmillant Company. $2.50). This "Dialogue" is of extraordinary interest and value as an early Christian view of Judaism, but has many other perennially appealing aspects. The edition is practical in every sense, although these books have been manufactured as cheaply as possible. Church history is also the real subject of "Men of Conviction," by Dean Henry Bradford Washburn (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). This very personal, quite modernistic, well-written book is none the less an important "representative" publication. Seven great religious figures, from Saint Benedict to Pope Pius IX, are studied in order to reveal "that religious experience is the stuff out of which institutions and doctrines are made." In an interesting introduction the author tells how he came to revise his opinions of most of the men he writes about, and to overcome initial prejudices against monasticism and papal policies.

T. C.

Two Masters

Bach, by Charles Sanford Terry. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Moses Mendelssohn, by H. Walter. New York: Bloch Publishing Company. $2.00.

ABOUT a year ago Dr. Terry was in this country lecturing on his patron saint in music: Bach. This slender volume is the abiding echo of the lectures. Dr. Terry measures Bach's career in eleven letters—his answer to a question about the secret of his mastership: "I worked hard." So hard, indeed, that this cantor of a Lutheran school in Leipzig, summed

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up the old and spun from it the new in music within the course of his lifetime. For the music of Bach is the corner-stone of modern music, whether by modern you think of Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy or Edgar Varèse.

Dr. Terry's study of Bach, according to the subtitle, is "The Historical Approach." He says: "How it is that, unlike the other masters of this period, we associate with him no new musical form? And why do we group him as the last portent of the old dispensation no less than the first of the new? These are questions which invite a historical retrospect, and to afford it is my chief purpose."

A table of Bach's descendants and an index are valuable addenda to the volume. The keynote to the whole is contained in the following words of the author: "I do not contest the dictum, that an artist's work is of more consequence than his personality. But I cannot imagine serious interest in the one failing to induce curiosity in the other; indeed, in Bach's case, his work is not intelligible apart from the context of his career."

So the eighteenth century is illuminated for us by one who is a master of its musical radiations. And the light of that century, it has been dawning on us of the twentieth, has much more to offer in both a practical and an artistic way than the somber nineteenth. Even the ghosts of its archetypes, Nietzsche and Wagner, could they arise from their respective limbos, would agree.

Among the nineteenth century's gifts to the world, none can dispute the value of the elegant Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; not only for his songs without words and other more elaborate pleasantries, but also for his discrimination in calling the world's attention to Bach. I should say "forcing" the attention of a world which had treated Bach to a century of oblivion. If Felix Mendelssohn never did anything but exhume the man he felt so indebted to for his technical knowledge, he would have handsomely discharged a handsome debt (for he did leave a delightful bouquet of melodies).

Moses Mendelssohn, critic and philosopher, of whom H. Walter has written a deeply sympathetic study, was the grandfather of the composer, Felix Mendelssohn. A strange irony inheres in the fact that these two biographies appear at the same time. Bach's eclipse lasted one century; Moses Mendelssohn has been forgotten for two centuries. Save for a few German and a few Hebrew scholars, the world of culture knows nothing of him.

A German Jew born at Dessau in 1729, Moses Mendelssohn knew bitter poverty all his early days, and at thirty-three without formal education took the Berlin Academy prize offered for mathematical "proofs" in substantiation of metaphysical speculations (current). (Among the competitors was Emanuel Kant!) This action seems two centuries ahead of its time. Modern interest in the uniting of science and art, and science and religion, this principle of unity and polarity (both mathematical and spiritual) one sees implicit and explicit in the work of Moses. Why was it lost sight of? Is this to be charged up, as the case of Bach, to crass ignorance on the part of the intellectual populace?

The events in Mendelssohn's life are too numerous and varied to sketch here. In brief articles, the encyclopaedias give him slender tokens of esteem. Lessing's drama, "Nathan the Wise," was written about Mendelssohn, of whom he was a close friend.

Dr. Terry's book is a beautiful continuance of the Bach revelation; Professor Walter's book is an amazing revelation of an amazing instance of what the composer, Edgar Varèse, delighted to call "the intelligence of the heart."

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

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Russian Orthodoxy

Évêques russes en exil, by Monsignor M. d'Herbigny and Father A. Deubner. Rome: Orientalia Christiana.

THE MAIN fact borne in upon the reader of this volume is the tragic eclipse of that once imposing edifice, the Russian Orthodox Church. After the revolution in 1917, the patriarchate, which had been abolished by Peter the Great, was restored in Soviet Russia, and Patriarch Tyhon was acknowledged by the entire Russian Orthodox Church as the legitimate head. Subsequently arrested and then—mainly because of persistent endeavors of the Vatican—released, the venerable but weakened prelate was forced to issue a manifesto declaring that he was no enemy of the Soviet government. Tyhon's canonical position as patriarch was accepted by the emigrant Russian bishops, the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople and the sister Orthodox Churches, but his decrees, condemning political action and monarchical proclivities by the Supreme Administration of the Russian Emigrant Church, were ignored by some of his subordinates. It was only after his death in 1925, however, that dissensions within the emigrant body took on a serious character and led to the rupture witnessed today.

At this moment there are outside Russia two main groups of Orthodox Russians following, respectively, Metropolitan Anthony, head of the Russian Synod at Karlovtsi, Jugoslavia, and Metropolitan Eulogius, in charge of Russian Orthodoxy in Western Europe, with Paris as his see. The Karlovtsi group claims the right to self-government so long as the Tyhonist Church in Russia remains in bondage. The legitimate guardian of the patriarchal throne, Peter Krutitsky, is imprisoned, and his *locum tenens,* Metropolitan Sergius, has apparently submitted to the Bolsheviks. Monsegnor Eulogius regarded Sergius until recently as his lawful superior; but after a decree from Sergius deposing him from his see for having participated in public prayers for the persecuted Christians in Russia, Eulogius rejected his authority. He solicited instead and has just obtained juridical approbation from Photius II of Constantinople. The final decision is not yet known of a third group of emigrants still under the jurisdiction of Sergius in Soviet Russia.

The compilers of "Évêques russes en exil" do not take sides in a dispute which grieves all who esteem and appreciate the earnestness of Russian Christians. But perusal of the documents they have collected and translated reveals the inextricable difficulties into which a validly constituted hierarchy has fallen for lack of the *jus divinum* which they vainly seek in Moscow, Constantinople or Petch. The second part of the volume shows the course of ecclesiastical events within Russia, and the attitude of the successive ecumenical patriarchs at Constantinople, watching the tergiversations of the various Russian hierarchs. Metropolitan Anthony and Metropolitan Eulogius accuse one another of schism. Moreover, Metropolitan Anthony accuses Metropolitan Eulogius of modernism and undue coöperation with Protestants, more especially the Y. M. C. A.; but Eulogius retorts that Anthony is guilty of heresy for his views on the Redemption, as expresed in a treatise condemned, indeed, by others as well as by Russion Orthodox theologians. The chief trouble of the Russian Church is the absence of a definite and visible authority. Catholic sympathy and prayer must be given to our separated brethren in this their greatest trial, when the church to which they cling so tenaciously seems to vanish in shadows.

The work before us is the most comprehensive yet issued on a melancholy problem of world import. It is inspired by genuine Christian solicitude for suffering Russia.

ANNIE CHRISTITCH.

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What Makes Menace?

America the Menace: Scenes from the Life of the Future, by Georges Duhamel; translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

THIS book is reported to be doing more to color Europe's conception of the United States than any other book since "Babbitt." Like "Babbitt" it is horribly true, devastatingly true—as far as it goes. Every one of the scenes is a familiar scene to every American, or to anyone who has spent any time in America. An American, I imagine, will be, as I was, first of all angered by the book, then depressed. On reflection, as the mind instinctively struggles in a spirit of self-preservation to recall exceptions to the case that Duhamel presents, one must finally, sadly, concede that the weight of evidence is with ugliness, hurry, and an ant-like standardization that is somehow an enemy, rather than an ally, of the potential development of the highest faculties of the individual. This may seem rather vague, but the implications of it are sufficiently familiar that there is no need for going into details in this new instance.

What would be truly interesting would be an analysis of causes, and a suggestion of a way out. One of the causes no doubt is that America by the incidence in time of its development with a particular period in history, is more completely than any other nation a special product of the industrial revolution. This involved not only the invention and employment of machinery, but also the philosophy that machinery would make man free and give him happiness. We have been surrounded and are surrounded by a fanatic faith, with works, which this philosophy has inspired.

Paralleling and in many cases being inextricably identified with this phenonemon, there has been another historical incidence on America's development—a preponderant Protestantism. The effect of this protest against a historical continuity of Christ with the Church He founded has, we have witnessed, led to a multiplication of protests, into more and more divided sects, and finally into the ultimate protest of complete religious indifference which characterizes, so statistics have it, more than half the population of America today. This legitimately leads to the query whether the lack of the orientation of the spirit in a faith in ultimate good, in God, which at least tends to make one superior to vanities and temporalities, can ever produce other than an ant-like concern with temporalities that leads to hurry, standardization and death to the dignity of the individual. It is this dignity which alone produces those things which we identify as being beautiful, as being noble and pleasing expressions of the spirit of man. Mr. Duhamel himself, being what one might call an extreme non-believer, has no more to say, though he says it wittily, than those protests which have been made familiar to us by our native and visiting critics.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Adventures in the Law

Law and Literature, by Benjamin Cardozo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

THIS volume of essays and addresses by the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York State is one of the rare books which, written by a jurist for jurists, is not only intelligible to the lay reader but pleasant reading. It is the sort of book that not a few publishers treat with great caution and some misgiving lest it prove unsalable by reason of its fineness and the evidence it carries of the author's breeding. It is a well-bred book in the fine Old World sense.

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It reminds the reader strongly of the elder Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," in its purity of language modeled upon that of the great English jurists and in its whole-hearted acceptance of the fundamentals of English liberalism by the cultured son of a far older civilization. To the lay reader, alarmed as the author also admits himself to be, by the lack of adaptation of law to justice, the strongest and most interesting chapter in the book concerns the desirability of an American ministry of justice. That lack must be evident to an appellate court more clearly than to almost anybody else. It is a highly technical subject and one on which the uninitiated has no valid opinion, yet it must be clear to everyone in some degree that there is a discrepancy or lack of adaptation not only between law and justice, but also between law and legislative regulation. There seems to be something not clearly thought out in the dictum so frequently heard today in America that the honest citizen owes complete obedience to the law. To the non-expert in the law it would seem that there is a lack of some necessary distinction; that the law indeed may claim complete obedience if it be the adequate expression of immutable principles, but that laws, as legislative enactments by non-experts like ourselves, regulating some activity of community life, have no such unqualified binding force.

One supposes that such a ministry as Justice Cardozo and other eminent jurists have suggested will eventually come to pass. The next interesting point in that evolution would be the adjustment to states' needs of a further concentration of power in the federal government.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Remedy or Nostrum?

The Fight for Peace, by Devere Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

MR. ALLEN has written a lengthy volume of 676 pages to prove that uncompromising pacifism is the only ultimate remedy for war. He would have us commit ourselves in advance so that we will be strong when the crisis comes: not only must we shout for peace when we have it, but we must keep on shouting after it flies out the window. He argues that those who champion pacifism in peace-time and who change their minds when a war breaks out are weak idealists who have not the courage of their convictions. This is directed at those peace societies which avoid the all-embracing logic that "All wars are wrong" by substituting the more optimistic opinion that "Some wars are right."

Theoretically, Mr. Allen is logically correct. If one does not intend to be a pacifist in time of war, what is the honest use of posing as one in time of peace? Practically, however, his wish to decide us on a future issue before it has even taken place is contrary to the canons of common sense. Who can definitely say that under no circumstances whatever will he fight in the next war? He might say it today, but tomorrow might prove him a liar—and a hero, as well. To accept pacifism, we must accept its dogma that no cause is worth fighting for, and this is like asking us to believe that life is not worth fighting for. Pacifism is only a one-way street in a world of a million roads.

In style, the volume is a fine combination of scholarship and journalism. The author has studied thoroughly and efficiently to produce his results, and many of his innumerable quotations make interesting reading. He is anything but dull, and is very just to the opposing side. If he does not make pacifism convincing, he at least makes it a pleasantly debatable subject.

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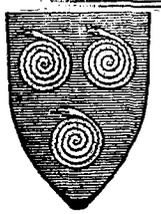

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Briefer Mention

Portrait by Caroline, by Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE REPEATED reprinting of this novel proves it must be experiencing a definite popularity. It is the form of story much in vogue at the present time—the kind wherein the characters start out cerebrally and platonically and end up, some of them to their own surprise, on a plane much more physical than they had planned for. Despite the delightful character studies and the vividly written background of English country life, the book seems one of futility—of people who learn lessons from life that there seems no particular reason for giving them to learn in the first place. The characters are clever; and they are a lovable lot—even the villain, if Dick can really be called a villain. But there is something lacking—some stability, some firmness, some necessity for looking beyond themselves and each other for security—a thing which they do not seem so much to ignore as to be unaware of. It is the same lack that gives us the sad uselessness of the brilliantly written stories of Hemingway and Huxley. Perhaps that is the purpose of the story—to show this lack of some cohering element. Certainly if the element were supplied the tale would be far different, and probably, such being human nature among readers (and among reviewers, too, occasionally), not half so intriguing.

Three Ships Come Sailing, by Monica Selwyn-Tait. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

ONE FINDS oneself struggling here with that peculiar resentment elicited by any narrative which presses resolutely to an edifying conclusion against the ordinary laws of probability. Mrs. Selwyn-Tait's "Three Ships" are three young women so diverse in character and outlook that nothing but a determinedly managed plot mechanism—or, of course, a miracle—could possibly land them all, with the celerity demanded by this story, on the high moral level at which we leave them. This may be the reverse side of a tribute to the author's powers of character depiction: she has made her Ann-Frances so genuinely "modern" and her Polly such an authentic bundle of fluff, that when the button is pressed for their reform, we cannot credit it. In Ursula alone has she produced a noble and often moving portrait of a nature strong, sweet and devoted to sacrifice. We follow Ursula assentingly all the way, from the first stirrings of a profound attraction for the Church to her radiant and submissive death after Viaticum. There is an excellent child character also—Jackie; Jackie is sacrificed betimes to further the plot, which may be one reason for the reader's discontent.

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